

Confederate Veteran.



VOL. XXX.

OCTOBER, 1922

NO. 10



SAM DAVIS

By MRS. G. T. McLAURINE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

"Speak but his name and your life is spared"—
Ah! vainly the foeman plead;
Martyred was he, brave boy in gray,
And the South mourned a hero dead.
Dauntless he stood as they fixed his doom,
A friend he would never betray;
At the end of a rope, ignominious death,
His life must the penalty pay.
Visions of mother and home arose
No doubt in that crucial hour,
Inviting surrender of honor bright
Should he yield to their potent power.
Sublime grand youth's sacrifice,
Immortal glory his dower!

ECHOES FROM DIXIE.

The best of songs, dear to Southern hearts, are represented in the collection called "Echoes from Dixie," compiled by Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Virginia (now Mrs. Hampden Osborne), and later revised and added to by Matthew Page Andrews. Here are the sweet old songs our mothers loved to sing, the songs the soldiers sang in the sixties, songs of sentiment, of patriotism, and the fine old hymns that comforted and sustained in darkest hours. Both words and music are given. Only in this collection can be found that song made famous by Jeb Stuart, "Jine the Cavalry."

The price of the collection is one dollar, postpaid, but two dollars will give a year's subscription to the VETERAN and this splendid collection of songs. Every home should have it, and every Camp of Veterans and Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy will find it a valuable asset to their meetings. Get a copy now when renewing subscription.

CAMPAIGN FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

The first response to the VETERAN's appeal in behalf of putting on a campaign for new subscribers came from W. T. Hightower, of Sweetwater, Tex., who wrote that he thought "the veterans should make some effort to assist in the dissemination of the information that the VETERAN has tried to put before the public," so he asked for the plan and necessary literature, and went to work at once and sent in the first club of five new subscriptions. He also thinks he may be able to secure more, and, anyway, will make the effort. All honor to this good friend for his enterprise!

Other responses are as encouraging, and the VETERAN hopes to add many new patrons to the list during the month of October. All who can secure even one new subscriber will have a part in this good work.

Gen. W. B. Haldeman, President of the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association, sends subscription order for himself and daughter, three years each, and writes:

"I know of no publication more worthy of the earnest aid and encouragement of every man and woman in the South than the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. At any time or in any way that I can be of service to it, I am at your command."

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

1. A Brief Sketch of Matthew Fontaine Maury During the War, 1861-1865.
By his son, Richard L. Maury.
2. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
3. A Sketch of Maury. Published by the N. W. Ayer Company.
4. A Sketch compiled from authentic sources by Mrs. E. E. Moffitt.

All four sent for \$1, postpaid.

Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 W. Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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THE THREE CROSSES.

The iron cross is black as death, and hard as human hate;
The wooden cross is white and still, and whispers us, "Too late!"
But the Red Cross sings of life and love and hearts regenerate.

The iron cross is a boastful cross, and marks a war-made slave;
The wooden cross is a dumb, dead cross, and guards a shallow grave;
But the Red Cross reaches out its arms to solace and to save;

The iron cross is a kaiser's cross, and narrow is its clan;
The wooden cross is a soldier's cross, and mourns its partisan;
But the Red Cross is the cross of One who served his fellow man.

—Exchange.

Mrs. Aaron S. Cole, of Alto, Tex., is in need of a pension and wishes to hear from comrades of her husband who can testify to his Confederate service. He was first lieutenant in Captain Chickwood's company, but she does not recall the company and regiment. Comrade Cole drilled the company, which was in the Georgia Infantry, and he served to the close of the war. He went in from Franklin or Habersham County, Ga., and was for some time at Vicksburg; went to Texas after the war. Address Capt. P. A. Blakey, Commander Camp U. C. V., Alto, Tex.

J. R. Bailey, who enlisted at Mobile, Ala., in June, 1862, as a member of Company C, 37th Alabama Regiment, wishes to get in communication with some of his comrades who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier and thus enable him to get a pension. Comrades will please write to Jeff T. Kemp, County Judge, Cameron, Tex., who is trying to get a pension for him.

Charles Chick, now at Waverly Hill, Valley Station, Ky., wishes to get in touch with any survivors of Capt. B. F. Barker's Company, Army Battalion, Richmond, Va., the last company with which he served at the close of the war. He would like to communicate with anyone who knows him and his service record and can assist him in getting the necessary affidavits for his pension application.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. }
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. }

VOL. XXX.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1922.

No. 10.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The following report on the number of Confederate veterans now living, most of them now receiving pensions or being in Confederate Homes in the Southern States, will occasion considerable surprise, as the general idea is that only a very few thousands are now with us. This report was compiled with great care by Francis M. Burrows, of Washington, D. C., one of Pickett's Division of Virginians and now colonel on the staff of Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander in Chief U. C. V., upon information from State treasurers, commissioners of pensions, and superintendents of Confederate Homes, and these figures are correct up to July 1, 1922. There are many Confederate veterans that do not draw pensions, and many scattered over the Northern and Western States whom he could not reach, and he has given a very conservative estimate on those.

COL. ROBERT E. LEE.

The death of Col. Robert E. Lee, grandson of Gen. R. E. Lee, and third of the name, on September 7, was widely mourned by the people of the South, to whom he was endeared not alone for his name and family connection, but also for that spirit of love for and loyalty to the cause of the South in the sixties which he ever evinced. Bob Lee, as he was affectionately known, was a speaker at many Confederate gatherings and always gave expression to sentiments which made him one with his hearers. He was very ill at Hot Springs, Va., during the reunion in Richmond, but sent a message of love to the veterans in convention and regret that he could not be with them.

Robert E. Lee was the son of Gen. William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, the second son of Gen. R. E. Lee, and his mother was Miss Mary Tabb Bolling, of Petersburg, Va. He was born in February, 1869, nearly two years before the death of General Lee, to whom he was an object of pride and affection, as the many references in his letters reveal. Robert was educated at the Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Va., and at Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va. Graduating there, he studied law and practiced that profession in the city of Washington. He also served terms in the Virginia legislature, representing the Ravensworth District, the old Lee home in Fairfax County. His service on the staff of Governor Montague gave him the title of colonel.

Colonel Lee died at Virginia College, Roanoke, Va., after an illness of many months. He was stricken in March, and went to Hot Springs, Va., to regain his health, but the heart affection allowed little hope of permanent recovery. However, he rallied in the latter part of June and was taken to Roanoke, where he and his wife usually spent the summer, and there death came to him in his fifty-fourth year.

In the Mausoleum of the Lee Memorial Chapel at Washington and Lee University his body was laid alongside the dust of his distinguished ancestors, Gen. R. E. Lee and Gen. William Henry (Light Horse Harry) Lee, whose body was brought from Cumberland Island, where he died in 1818.

The funeral was held in the Lee Memorial Episcopal Church at Lexington, with the simple but impressive service of that Church. The honorary pallbearers were members of the Board of Trustees (of which he was a member) and the President and

State	Pensions	In Homes	Widow Pensioners	Negro Pensioners
Alabama.....	4,306	70	7,052
Arkansas.....	9,000	100	5,000
Florida.....	1,471	33	2,575
Georgia.....	9,000	105	7,200
Kentucky.....	1,000	190	1,250
Maryland.....	25
Mississippi.....	3,632	164	5,106	566
Missouri.....	1,900	236
Louisiana.....	2,298	43	2,996
North Carolina.....	6,250	120	3,750	1
Oklahoma.....	1,411	73	1,273
South Carolina.....	3,732	56	5,637
Tennessee.....	2,456	84	3,152	95
Texas.....	14,969	256	8,372	2
Virginia.....	4,982	214	4,724	3
West Virginia.....
	65,707	1,859	57,987	667

Drawing pensions, 65,707; in the Confederate Homes, 1,859; others unknown, 7,500. Total, 75,066.

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faculty of Washington and Lee University; the President and faculty of the Virginia Military Institute; together with the veterans of the Lee-Jackson Camp of Confederate Veterans, and Camp Frank Paxton, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Lexington.

Of the three sons and four daughters of General Lee, only the two younger sons ever married. He seemed anxious for his boys to marry and thus give him more daughters to love, but evinced no desire to add to the number of sons. The grandchildren are Col. R. E. Lee (the only one General Lee ever knew) and Dr. Bolling Lee, sons of Gen. W. H. F. Lee; and Mary Custis and Anne Carter Lee, daughters of Capt. R. E. Lee.

REV. JAMES H. MCNEILLY, D.D.

The hearts of many, many friends will be saddened to learn that our dear Dr. McNeilly has passed into the spirit land, death coming to him on the morning of October 28, after an illness of many months. A wonderful life was his in length of days and the service he rendered his fellow men. Almost to the end his mental vigor was unimpaired, his last contribution appearing in the September VETERAN. A sketch of his life will be given in the November number.

HISTORICAL GAVEL USED AT RICHMOND REUNION.

The scene below represents the presentation of a gavel, made from a piece of the original floor of the mansion at Arlington, to Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander in Chief U. C. V., by Mrs. Charles Fisher Taylor, of North Carolina, now living in Washington, D. C.

The gavel was christened by Maj. Giles B. Cooke, only surviving member of General Lee's staff, at the opening session of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association. After being used at the sessions of the United Confederate Veterans, it was placed in the Confederate Museum in Richmond by Mrs. Taylor on June 23, this being the ninety-fourth anniversary of her father, David Henry Williams, a Confederate soldier.

Mrs. Taylor is a prominent member of the U. D. C., being Director of the District of Columbia for the Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington, Historian of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Washington, also Chairman of the Press for the District of Columbia U. D. C. She is also President of the Daughters of 1812 in North Carolina, and prominent of the D. A. R. of that State; and she is an officer of the North Carolina Society of Washington, and Chairmen of the Extension Committee of the Southern Society of that city.

When the new floor was placed in the Lee mansion at Arlington, some pieces of the old floor had to be removed, and in this way Mrs. Taylor secured a piece for the gavel. Most of the old flooring was left, the new flooring being placed over it.

Those taking part in the presentation of the gavel were (reading from left): Mrs. I. W. Faison, Mrs. J. B. Newell, both of Charlotte, N. C., and they are holding the North Carolina State flag; Mrs. Charles Fisher Taylor, presenting the gavel to General Carr; Miss Duncan, of Oklahoma.

SEES DIXIE IN A NEW LIGHT.

The following is taken from a letter by H. B. Parker, now at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, to the *New Republic* on the occasion of a controversy on slavery between a Virginia woman and Dr. Hart, a prominent historian.

Mr. Parker says: "Letters concerning slavery published in the *New Republic* (editions of May 10 and June 14) are of peculiar interest and significance to a Massachusetts Yankee, born and bred, who is convalescing in Sunny Dixie.

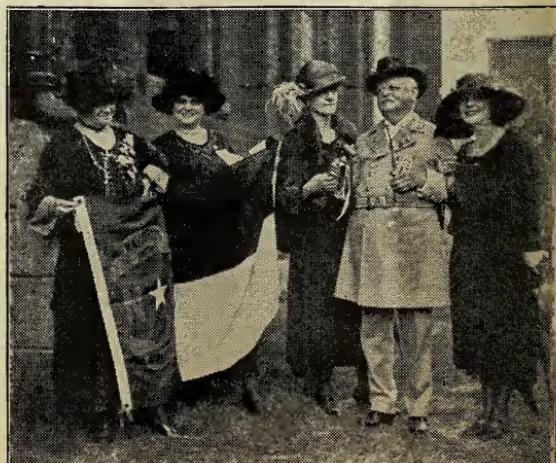
"I wish to call attention to the second sentence in the sixth paragraph, which reads in substance, 'No successful effort was made in any slave-holding State between 1830 and 1860 to even ameliorate the harsh conditions of slavery.'

"Of course, most of our readers will very likely read 'legislative' in between success and effort. Mr. Hart writes, very likely, with this fact in mind, and is aware that the majority of your readers know that very real and *successful efforts were made* in several of the slave-holding States between 1830 and 1860 to 'ameliorate the harsh conditions of slavery' in the local quiet, but powerful social pressure, planter's code of honor, etc.

"But many less well informed and, therefore, more easily prejudiced people will read this letter through the papers and magazines which reprint your material. I would suggest, therefore, that all such statements involving a consideration of the character of many of our countrymen be made more scientific and apparent to all concerned by inserting the appropriate qualifying word.

"I say this with all due respect to all concerned, but very earnestly after having nearly died in the same war in which many brave sons of Southern folk gave their all. I feel the need of giving Southerners the good name they deserve, whenever I remember that five of my kin who struggled in 1775 were readily helped by Southerners whose assistance was sorely needed. I remember that my own kin of two generations ago, several of whom were active in an effort to preserve the Union, had a wholesome appreciation of the upright character possessed by Southern men, even though differing with them politically; and, above all, since living and study-

(Continued on page 397.)



WAS LINCOLN A FRIEND OF THE SOUTH?

BY DR. LYON G. TYLER, HOLDCROFT, VA.

During the war with Germany, this country fell into a panic over German propaganda. It was a serious matter then, and we all joined in fighting the German program of misrepresentation. But now that no danger to the country can result, we can see that this widespread apprehension had its comic side. As a matter of fact, the art of propaganda had its origin in America, and the Germans only employed our own weapons against us. In saying America, I mean the ruling North. Propaganda is merely an organized form of advertisement, and this had its origin and highest development with the shrewd business men of the North. The chief characteristic of the propaganda was the sacrifice of everything to the humor of the public. And so the Germans, always ready enough to avail themselves of agencies which they did not possess, seized upon this American device and turned it to the purpose of their war. But it scared the country so that the joke was not appreciated.

Undeterred, however, by what may be considered a rebuke of unscrupulous methods of popularizing one's wares, the North has kept up the old art, and in these latter days many Northern writers and speakers are applying it to historical questions. The main purpose of the popular advertisement is to make people believe; and, in this historic application, truth becomes secondary to a sectional wish.

Of all the propaganda at work to-day, the glorification of Abraham Lincoln and the attempt to set him above Washington are the most notable. In order to make this idealism of Lincoln general, this propaganda is trying its best to make it appear that Lincoln was a friend of the South. To accomplish this result, an entirely false construction is given to Lincoln's attitude and actions.

For the sake of historic truth, let us look briefly into Lincoln's official conduct during the war for Southern independence, and see if there exists any real justification for this claim.

Well, one of the earliest of his official actions was to denounce all Southern privateersmen as pirates, subject to the death penalty. Another was to approve an act of Congress denouncing death, imprisonment, or confiscation upon everybody in the South, including their sympathizers in the North. Another was to make medicine contraband of war, the first time it was ever done in the annals of warfare. Still another was to suffer Benjamin F. Butler to go unrebuted after his infamous order at New Orleans, directed against the women of that city. The British Prime Minister, Palmerston, characterized it in open Parliament as an order "too indecent to be put in the English language," and the British Minister at Washington protested to Seward against it, but without effect. In the American Revolution some of the women of Boston spat at the British soldiers of Borgoyne's captured army, and went unrebuted; but Butler's order was directed against merely "any gesture or movement expressive of contempt of a Federal soldier."

At another time, when some ladies of England asked permission to distribute \$85,000 among the Confederates in Northern prisons, the permission was refused by Seward, the Secretary of State, and Lincoln did not interfere. This was going far beyond the Germans, who permitted such gifts to be freely distributed among their prisoners during the World War.

Lincoln had plenty of opportunity to check Sheridan, Grant, and Sherman in their work of burning houses and towns and destroying private property, but instead of blaming anyone of the three, he sent them congratulatory letters and telegrams.

It is difficult to find a greater act of cruelty perpetrated in any war than that of Sherman in driving away, in the midst of winter, the whole population of the city of Atlanta, numbering 15,000.

Property in the South was everywhere seized without compensation, and within the areas embraced by the Union lines, the people of both sexes above sixteen years of age had to take an oath of allegiance or quit their homes. Whatever may have been the origin of these orders, they were notoriously public, and Lincoln never interfered.

When we come to consider his emancipation policy, the facts are far from reflecting any honor upon him. He first declared the policy as "futile as the Pope's bull against the comet," but in ten days he reversed his decision and published his edict freeing the slaves. At the interview in which he expressed himself adverse to the policy, he observed that if he ever did issue such a proclamation it would be as a war measure, independent of its legal or constitutional character or "its moral nature in view of the possible consequences of insurrection or massacre in the South." Now, just here, I will ask the question, did this language show any friendliness to the South?

Had Lincoln taken the high ground of humanity in issuing his proclamation, I can understand how an incidental massacre might be excused as a very regrettable necessity; but his proclamation did not extend to slavery within such areas as were within the Federal lines, and where his authority might control the radical effects of his action. It professed to extend to areas entirely outside of his authority—areas where, in the interview referred to, he expressly admitted that his policy as an orderly measure could not be expected to go into effect. (Nicolay and Hay, "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," VIII., 30, 31.)

What then? It became a favorite afterthought with modern writers that Lincoln issued his proclamation for the moral effect it might produce in Europe, but of this he said nothing in the interview mentioned, and his own words show that he had "the possible consequences of insurrection and massacre" directly in mind.

And what else could he have expected in view of Nat Turner's rebellion in Virginia in 1831 and the experience in Hayti and San Domingo in 1802, when sixty thousand white people were destroyed and scenes enacted too terrible for any human pen to describe?

Lincoln's proclamation was denounced both in England and France, and in the South its war character was construed to mean a scheme to break up the Confederate armies in the field by the menace of a frightful danger at home. That the negroes did not rise in the South is not due to the humanity of Lincoln, who realized the peril and made it a menace; but the credit goes to the slave owners for the humane manner in which they had treated their slaves, and affords the most conclusive refutation of the misrepresentations of the abolitionists on their part.

But this propaganda tried to draw to its embrace Mr. Davis and others who expressed regret at the assassination of Lincoln. Thus, Dr. N. W. Stephenson, born in Ohio, and now holding the chair of history in South Carolina College, declares in his "Abraham Lincoln and the Union," forming volume XXIX of the "Chronicles of America": "It is recorded of Davis that in after days he paid beautiful tribute to Lincoln and said that next to the destruction of the Confederacy, the death of Abraham Lincoln was the darkest day the South had known." Did Mr. Davis mean any compliment to Lincoln in these words? Only a victim of propaganda can imagine such a thing. If Mr. Davis is correctly quoted, as I presume

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he is, he referred merely to the opportunity which Lincoln's assassination gave to the South haters in the North to carry through their plans of reconstruction. Had Lincoln lived, though there is little assurance that he would have successfully opposed any plan of the radicals, the necessary stimulus to excessive cruelty afforded by the action of Booth would have been lacking. That is all Mr. Davis meant.

How little reliance was to be placed upon any policy of Lincoln, and how incapable he was of standing up against the "malignants" around him is shown by perhaps his very last official acts. On the evacuation of Richmond by the Confederates, he visited the city, and, while there, was persuaded to give an order for the assembling of the Virginia Legislature. But he had hardly returned to Washington when, yielding to the vehement protest of Stanton, his Secretary of War, as Stanton himself says, he recalled his permission, excusing his action on grounds that are plainly afterthoughts.

In the light of the doctrine of self-determination, now so generally admitted, it appears one of the most astonishing things in history that eight millions of people (now twenty millions), occupying a territory half the size of Europe, with a thoroughly organized government and capable of fighting one of the greatest wars on record, were not permitted to set up for themselves. Having begun the war, Lincoln saw that there was no way out of it except to win the war. So unstable as he was in every other particular, a political dancer that veered about every other question in circles, he kept this one thing steadily in view. There is little doubt that had he to choose between the failure of his war and entire extermination of the Southern people, he would have chosen the latter alternative. We have his own words to this effect, when, on August 3, 1862, he declared to his cabinet that he was "pretty well cured of any objections to any measure except want of adaptedness to putting down the rebellion."

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR.

BY COL. H. W. JOHNSTONE, CURRYVILLE, GA.

Statements of historical issues should never be considered as personal. Abraham Lincoln being unknown to me, I only attack the President. If the acts of the executive affect the character of the man, it is his to refute or to bear. Only facts, truths, should be considered; for theories and glittering generalities are not only useless but delusive.

From this viewpoint, I comment on Comrade Jennings' article in the August VETERAN.

The real issue raised at Richmond was as to the facts, truths, stated in "Truth of the War Conspiracy in 1861" as commended by the committee and indorsed by the U. C. V. This report contained a clause, not embraced in the VETERAN's text, which I quote here for obvious reasons:

"The importance of these facts is so great that we urge the general reading of the publication and dissemination of these valuable historic facts."

The VETERAN twice alludes to this as "heretofore unknown history," "unknown facts." Mr. Jennings, without alluding to the vital facts, truths, considers only the "charge," and says:

"As a matter of fact, the charge has been made time and time again. Percy Greg, quoting records, makes the same charge. It is no new thing, though it seems to be considered so by many. In this instance the many are right as to new facts, truths, cited to sustain the charge."

Mr. Jennings, of course, knows that the charge, in any issue, is a different thing from the evidence it rests on. Mil-

lions have charged Mr. Lincoln with inaugurating war. Mr. Stephens so charged in writing, so have hundreds more, but the facts, truths (as stated in the booklet) to prove the charge have not been given by any history I know of including Percy Greg's.

Mr. Jennings would relieve Mr. Lincoln of personal responsibility for war by placing part, if not all, responsibility on his cabinet. This is primarily the argument of the Lincoln propaganda, but the exact reverse of this is true.

On March 12, 1861, President Lincoln ordered the reinforcement of Fort Pickens, regardless of the recognized armistice existing at Pensacola. That was war, even if no armistice had existed. Three days later, on March 15, 1861, Mr. Lincoln convened his cabinet, the first time so far as I have found, and submitted to each member the following, in writing:

"My Dear Sir: Assuming it to be possible to now provision Fort Sumter, under all the circumstances, is it wise to attempt it? Please give me your opinion, in writing, on this question.

Your obedient servant, (signed) A. LINCOLN."

Only two, Chase and Blair, approved this proposal, even to provision Fort Sumter. Five opposed it—Seward, Cameron, Welles, Smith, and Bates—all in writing. Notwithstanding this, Lincoln continued to connive with Blair, Fox, and others for weeks. He sent Fox to spy at Sumter, who used the existing agreement to enter Fort Sumter, and reported to Lincoln.

Then, on March 29, Mr. Lincoln again convened his cabinet and submitted to them, verbally, the same question. On this occasion Chase and Blair were joined by Welles; Seward and Smith opposed it; Bates was neutral, and Cameron was absent.

Thus it appears that Lincoln's cabinet opposed his overt war measures by five to two March 15, and only three favored it on March 29. Yet, on this day, March 29, Lincoln issued secret orders (never reported by him) to reinforce Fort Sumter, and, a week later, sent by messenger an ultimatum to South Carolina and the Confederate authorities. This was so violent a usurpation of power that the Confederate States authorities required proof that it was the act of the Washington government, and delayed action three days to satisfy this doubt before summoning Fort Sumter. Major Anderson was invited to remain neutral, but, being in the "conspiracy," he declined, and then "Sumter was fired on"; but war existed from the hour that ultimatum was delivered by the "President's messenger."

As a matter of fact, President Lincoln overreached his cabinet, held Congress off, and usurped dictatorial powers. It would be unreasonable for a man to so possess himself of such power if he were not predetermined to make use of it.

Unless the facts are refuted by equal evidence, that "strong statement" must stand. It is vain to waste sentiment on a character that can only pass without censure when it passes without observation.

While we live in the hopes of a better day, brother,

A morrow of sunlight and bloom,

Let us honor the brave, whose valor unfailing

Burned on through the midnight of gloom.

By the coursers so swift,

By the sabers they lift

And the scabbard they threw away,

May the light of the dawn

Of our Liberty's morn

Fall bright on the rider in gray.

—F. O. Ticknor.

AS THE WAR ENDED.

BY BERKELEY MINOR, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

Some forty years ago I put down all I could remember of my experiences in our war for independence, aiding my memory with old letters and bits of diary kept during the siege of Petersburg. The following refers to the happenings just before and after the surrender at Appomattox:

On the next day, April 9 (Sunday, Palm Sunday), our regiment (Talcott's Engineer Troops) was left in the rear to burn the bridges over the Appomattox after our army had all passed over. While waiting I happened to meet Virginian Dabney, major on Gordon's staff, who was the first to tell me that Grant's army, or a good portion of it, had gotten in front of us, and we would soon be forced to surrender.

It was strange that up to that time, notwithstanding so many signs to the contrary, I had kept alive the hope in my heart that all would yet come right, that General Lee would be victorious at last, and the Confederacy be established; but the end was very near now.

We had a sharp little action with the enemy while protecting the companies of our regiment detailed to burn the bridges—the county bridge and the railroad bridge. My company (H), which I commanded, as Captain Howard and First Lieutenant Welch were absent, with some others was put in line to the left (north of the railroad) and a little back from the river in full view of the railroad bridge and the country beyond, which now began to be occupied by Federal troops. I don't think the regiment fired a shot, at least, my company did not, but we held our ground for some time under fire, until the bridges were fairly in a blaze. I saw two spans of the railroad bridge fall in. The county bridge was not in sight, as it lay much lower down, and I was told that the enemy put it out quickly; but it made very little difference, as the Appomattox there is small and easily fordable. General Mahone and his troops were with us; indeed, I think he commanded the rear guard of the army. I saw him on foot on the railroad

very quietly ordering the withdrawal of the troops as the enemy pressed on over the river. He was every inch a soldier, though there were not many inches of him, he was so small. Pity for his own honor and glory he had not died there.

We retired in fairly good order from the bridge under a right sharp fire, and were glad to go. Soon we began to see signs that the end was near. A very notable one was stragglers moving in both directions, front and rear.

We halted for a considerable time, and heard sharp firing in our front. We learned afterwards that it was Gen. John B. Gordon, who was pressing the force in front to find out what it was, infantry or cavalry. Then came an ominous calm. There was little movement of troops anywhere. To add to the trouble just then, my old friend, Lieut. Charles Minor, of our regiment, was told that his brother Lancelot (private in our old battery, the Rockbridge) had been mortally wounded and left to the enemy. He was badly hurt, but recovered.

Orders came for us to move, and we left the road and took position in line some distance to the left. There was some movement in our front, and skirmish firing. We were ordered to load, expecting an attack every moment. Just then a single horseman dashed out of a skirt of woods a little to the left of our front and rode rapidly up toward our regiment. As he came nearer we recognized the blue Yankee uniform. When he was about fifty yards off, he waved his saber and shouted: "Throw down your arms." He was nearly in front of my company and just then some one cried: "Fire!" I think a dozen men must have fired together, for man and horse went down as if struck by lightning. He staggered to his feet for a moment, with blood dripping from him, and gasped out, "Men, you ought not to have shot me. There's a flag of truce out," and fell dead. A sadder sight I never saw. The poor fellow must have thought it would be a fine thing to make a regiment surrender, and did not consider what the temper of the men must be at such a time. He supposed we knew that a flag of truce was out. In fact, an order came a few minutes later to cease all hostilities, but too late to save him.

The firing brought some Federal officers along, to whom Colonel Talcott explained how it happened. We could not find out who cried: "Fire!" I well remember our colonel's reply to a remark made by one of the Federal officers who came up to inquire the cause of the firing. I was quite near the party. The officer said, "Well, sir, I hope this will be the last of it," or words to that effect. Colonel Talcott said very quietly: "I hope not, sir." Meanwhile some of the men had rifled the pockets of the dead soldier. Good men, or, at least, good soldiers were these, for the engineer troops were picked men; but alas, how brutalizing is war! We soon marched back to the road and bivouacked near it.

And this was the end—the end of all our toil and danger! I don't think I realized it fully then. Indeed, the relief from intense toil and hardship was in itself enough for the present. We were so broken down that rest was blissful, purchased at almost any price; but from that day to this I have had more and more impressed on me the evil of becoming a subject people. We remained there near Appomattox Courthouse for two or three days on very poor rations. Some beef was all we had, I



FIFTY-FIVE YEARS TOGETHER.

Captain and Mrs. J. F. Shipp, beloved citizens of Chattanooga, Tenn., celebrated their fifty-sixth wedding anniversary on the 12th of August, 1922, a reception being given in their honor by the Confederate Memorial Association and the Reunion Committee. He was a gallant officer of the Confederate army and is known as the man who conceived the idea of a general organization of Confederate veterans, and has served as Quartermaster General of the organization since its inception in 1899.

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think, but the conquerors did the best they could for us, I reckon, for they were in great good humor over their victory, as appeared plainly by the band playing on all sides such things as "John Brown's Body," etc. Such rejoicing made us sadder. As our Virginia poet, Armistead Gordon, sang long after:

"What we had lost, they ne'er dreamed who won."

In the interval we were paroled. I have mine now. I have never been exchanged. I value it much as proof that I stood by General Lee to the last. I preserve also carefully "General Orders No. 9," Lee's last. It is written in pencil on a scrap of Confederate paper. It will live when the "Gettysburg Address" is forgotten. The truth will prevail, sooner or later.

"Fiat justitia, ruat caelum."

THE BATTLE OF SECESSIONVILLE.

(In sending a clipping referring to the battle of Secessionville, S. C., which took place on June 16, 1862, and giving a list of the Charleston survivors of that battle at present, R. DeT. Lawrence, of Marietta, Ga., writes that he had a part in that battle, that as he was a private he could tell only of his immediate surroundings, but that the victory was so complete the Federals never afterwards attempted the capture of Charleston by land. Reference to the "Confederate Military History," Vol. V, pages 85-92, was made for the account here given.)

Secessionville is situated on a peninsula cut from the east side of the island by an arm of Lighthouse Creek, a bold tide-water stream which empties into the harbor of Charleston, east of Fort Johnson. At the point of the peninsula of Secessionville where the battery was erected, the peninsula is narrowest, probably not more than half regimental front, and on either side of it run the tide waters of Lighthouse Creek and Big Folly Creek, bordered by impracticable marshes. The banks of the peninsula in front and in rear of the battery were fringed by a thick growth of myrtle bushes. Col. T. G. Lamar was in command of the fort at Secessionville (afterwards called Fort Lamar, in his honor) and its infantry supports. The garrison consisted of Companies I and B of Lamar's regiment of South Carolina Artillery, Capts. G. D. Keitt and Samuel J. Reid; and the infantry support was composed of two battalions of infantry, the Charleston Battalion, Lieut. Col. P. C. Gaillard, and the Pee Dee Battalion, Lieut. Col. A. D. Smith. The battery mounted an 8-inch Columbiad, two 24-pounder rifles, several 18-pounders, and a mortar. A gunboat battery on the east bank, anchored in Big Folly Creek, and commanded by Capt. F. N. Bonneau, would have been an effective ally had not its guns just been moved on shore to be added to those of the fort.

In the early morning of June 16 the Secessionville picket was on duty at Rivers' place, a mile in front of the fort, and the 24th, with six companies of the 1st South Carolina and one of the 47th Georgia, was covering the front of the east lines, under command of Col. C. H. Stevens. In the fort a gun detachment was awake and on the watch, but the remainder of the garrison was fast asleep.

At 1 a.m., Gen. H. G. Evans had started one hundred picked men from Colonel Goodlett's 22nd regiment, under Capt. Joshua Jamison, as a fatigued party, to go over the bridge to Fort Lamar and assist in mounting Captain Bonneau's guns in the fort. These men reached the fort about daylight. Just

at dawn the Secessionville picket was surprised and several of them captured. The main picket force ran in and gave the first notice to Lamar of the enemy's rapid advance on his position. The garrison was aroused and at the guns and on the flanks just in time to meet the gallant assault of the 8th Michigan, 7th Connecticut, 79th New York, 28th Massachusetts, 100th Pennsylvania, and 46th New York, with Rockwell's and Strahan's light batteries and a company of engineers. The six regiments were moved forward in two lines, both under the immediate direction of Gen. I. I. Stevens, and each commanded by its senior colonel. As they advanced the peninsula narrowed, and when within short range of the works, the left regiment of the front line, the 7th Connecticut, was crowded into the marsh. Just at this juncture Lamar fired the 8-inch Columbiad charged with canister, and in rapid succession the 24's and 18's, and the mortar opened. The whole line wavered and was broken in some confusion. Urged on by their officers, the Connecticut, Michigan, and New York regiments pressed forward, the latter two in large numbers gaining ground. Groups of men and officers of these two regiments gained the ditch and both flanks of the works, and some of them mounted the works. They were met by the galling fire of the infantry of Gaillard and Smith, and were either killed or captured. Meanwhile the hundred men under Jamison, sent to mount Bonneau's guns, arrived and promptly took their places on the parapet, adding their rifles to the fire of the Charleston and Pee Dee battalions.

A number of the assaulting force, moving along the marsh under cover of the myrtle bushes, gained a lodgment on the right flank and in rear of the works, and were doing serious execution by their fire, hid as they were, and shielded by the bank of the peninsula. But they were soon dislodged by the rifles of the 4th Louisiana battalion, sent by Colonel Hagood to reinforce the garrison as soon as he learned that the fort was being attacked. The Louisianians, coming up at a run, were promptly put into position by their gallant commander, Colonel McEnery, and drove the Federals from the myrtles into the marsh or out into the field. Two 24-pounders, in battery on the west flank of the fort and west of the creek and marsh, had been silent up to this moment. Colonel Hagood, who had moved promptly down the Battery Island road to check any advance by that way and protect the right front of the fort, noting the silence of the flank battery, dispatched Lieutenant Colonel Capers to open the fire of these guns. Finding a small detachment of Lamar's artillery at the guns, under Lieutenant Kitching, a prompt and gallant response to the order to open fire was made, and under the direction of Colonel Capers solid shot and shell were delivered along the line of the myrtles and into the regiments vainly endeavoring to form on the field in front of the work. The sun was now fully up and Lamar's victory was achieved, though both sides continued to fire until the Federal regiments had withdrawn from range.

During the assault upon the fort, a column of forty companies of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry, about 2,500 strong, under Brigadier General Wright, advanced along the Battery Island road and up the west side of Lighthouse Creek, as a covering force for the protection of the left and rear of the troops assaulting Secessionville. This force was made up of the 3rd New Hampshire and companies of the 3rd Rhode Island, 97th Pennsylvania, 6th Connecticut, 47th New York, 45th Pennsylvania, and 1st New York Engineers. The advance of Hagood down the Battery Island road, with a portion of the 1st and 24th South Carolina and the Eutaw battalion, brought him in contact with General Wright's advance, which he checked and re-

elled. The Eutaw battalion was placed behind an obstruction of felled timber on the east of the road, and four companies of the 24th still farther to the left and immediately in front of the enemy's advance. One piece of Boyce's battery, under Lieutenant Jeter, was put in position immediately on the right of the 24th, and the four companies of the 1st south of the road. Jeter opened fire on the enemy, in full view at Hill's place, and immediately Wright's artillery replied, shelling the whole front of Hagood's force and throwing solid shot at Jeter's gun. The 3rd Rhode Island advanced to charge the position, but was handsomely repulsed by Colonels Stevens and Simonton and the effective fire of Jeter. By this time the contest in front of Secessionville having been determined, General Wright retired his troops to their entrenched positions and the battle of Secessionville was ended.

After the first repulse, the fort was again in danger from the fire of infantry and artillery in its rear and right flank by a portion of Wright's column, which had marched up the west bank of Lighthouse Creek and was in position south and east of Hill's negro houses. It was this force that McEnery attacked as he came up, firing at short range across the creek. They were ultimately driven off by the fire of the 24-pounders in front of Clark's house, above alluded to, and by Hagood's troops. The latter were well posted, and when assaulted easily repulsed the attack. Lieutenant Jeter with his guns did good service in this affair; indeed, the position of General Wright's column at Hill's houses, though for a short time it took the work at Secessionville in flank and rear, was between the infantry fire of McEnery at the fort and Hagood's force and the 24-pounder battery at Clark's house. If Colonel Hagood had had his whole advance guard under his command with Boyce's entire battery, he could have moved immediately against General Wright's column, striking him in flank and rear. On the contrary, if Wright had known that Hagood had with him only the total strength of a good regiment, with one piece of artillery, he would doubtless have attacked with his entire force instead of with a portion of the Rhode Island regiment only.

The force assaulting the fort numbered, of all arms, 3,562. It was defended by two companies of artillery, three battalions of infantry, and a hundred picked men under Captain Jamison, a total of less than 1,000 men. Wright's column could not have been less than 2,400 to 3,000 of all arms. Hagood's force did not exceed 700 men, with one piece of artillery. The Confederate troops actually engaged did not exceed 1,800.

General Stevens reported a loss of 529 men and officers in his assaulting column; General Wright, 129; making an aggregate of 658. Colonel Hagood took twelve prisoners and counted twelve dead in front of Colonel Stevens's four companies, and eight in front of the Eutaw battalion. More than the number reported by General Stevens were buried on the field, and while that general reports one officer and thirty men made prisoners, by actual count the Confederates took sixty-five wounded and forty-two unwounded prisoners. The total Federal loss could not have been less than 750 to 800.

The Confederates lost in killed, wounded, and missing, 204 officers and men, as follows: 47th Georgia, 1 killed; 4th Louisiana, 6 killed, 22 wounded; Lamar's artillery, 15 killed, 39 wounded, 1 missing; Charleston battalion, 10 killed, 40 wounded, 2 missing; Pee Dee battalion, 3 killed, 23 wounded, 3 missing; First Volunteers, 1 wounded; Twenty-Second Volunteers, 10 killed, 8 wounded; Twenty-Fourth Volunteers, 3 killed, 7 wounded, 2 missing; Eutaw battalion, 4 killed, 14 wounded; total, 5 officers and 47 men killed, 12 officers and 132 men wounded, 8 missing; aggregate, 204.

Among the gallant dead were Capt. Hanry C. King and

Lieut. John J. Edwards, of the Charleston battalion; Capt. Samuel J. Reed, of Lamar's artillery; Lieut. Richard W. Greer, of the Eutaw battalion; and Lieut. B. A. Graham, of the 47th Georgia. Colonel Lamar and Lieutenant Colonel Gaillard were both wounded severely. Also among the wounded were Captain Walker, of the 4th Louisiana; Capt. J. A. Blake, F. T. Miles, and R. P. Smith, and Lieuts. J. W. Axson, George Brown, John Burke, and F. R. Lynch, of the Charleston battalion; Lieut. J. G. Beatty of the Pee Dee battalion; Lieut. F. W. Andrews of the Twenty-Fourth; and Lieut. Samuel J. Berger of the Eutaw battalion.

It was a gallant assault on the part of the Federals and came near being a complete surprise. But for the heroic conduct of the garrison in standing to their guns, and the persistent and gallant support of the Charleston and Pee Dee battalions and Jamison's men, who fought on the parapet and on the flanks, the Michigan and New York regiments and the 7th Connecticut would have swarmed over the work at the first assault, closely followed by their supports.

The news of the victory at Secessionville was heralded to every quarter of the State and the Confederacy, and filled the hearts of soldiers and people with joy and thanksgiving. General Pemberton congratulated the troops engaged in orders, and especially acknowledged the heroism and ability of Lamar and his garrison. In published orders, the following officers and soldiers were specially mentioned for good conduct: Col. T. G. Lamar, Lieut. Cols. P. C. Gaillard, A. D. Smith, John McEnery, and Ellison Capers; Maj. David Ramsay and J. H. Hudson; Capts. Samuel J. Reed, Henry C. King, F. T. Miles, G. D. Keitt, W. W. McCreery, F. N. Bonneau, R. E. Elliott, S. J. Corrie, H. W. Carr, Joshua Jamison, Samuel S. Tompkins, and W. H. Ryan; Asst. Surg. James Evans; Lieutenants Hall and Matthews, C. S. N.; Adjt. E. J. Frederick; Lieuts. W. H. Rodgers, J. B. Kitching, J. B. Humbert, W. S. Barton, J. W. Moseley, T. P. Oliver, John A. Bellinger, W. M. Johnson, J. W. Lancaster, L. S. Hill, H. H. Sally, J. V. Cobb, William Bechham, George Brown, A. A. Allenand, James Campbell, and R. A. Blum; Sergt. W. H. Hendricks, and Privates Joseph Tennett, J. Campbell Martin, and T. Grange Simon, Jr.

Maj. David Ramsay, who succeeded to the command of the Charleston battalion on the wounding of Lieutenant Colonel Gaillard, closes his brief report with this appropriate and just tribute, applicable to each of the commands engaged in the battle of Secessionville: "I have mentioned those especially noticeable, but can only repeat that I refrain from enumerating others because it would be to furnish a roll of those engaged."

Signally repulsed at Secessionville, and convinced of the strength of the line of defense across the island, the Federal commander in chief abandoned the campaign, evacuated James Island the last of June, and aggregated the main portion of his troops at Hilton Head, Beaufort, and North Edisto. There were left only the gunboats in the lower Stono and the blocking fleet off the bar to menace Charleston. The troops which had reinforced the command of General Gist on James Island were returned to their former stations on the coast and at Savannah, and the heroes of Secessionville were toasted on every hand.

During the remainder of the summer, several affairs occurred along the coast which illustrated the watchfulness and gallantry of the South Carolina soldiers. An expedition to Fenwick's Island was organized and successfully conducted by Maj. R. J. Jeffords, commanding the 6th battalion, South Carolina cavalry, and the enemy's positions in the surrounding waters and on the adjacent islands fully reported to Col.

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W. S. Walker, commanding the Third District. On August 14, the Federal gunboats, having entered Winyaw Bay, steamed up Black River as far as Mrs. Sparkman's plantation, twenty miles above Georgetown. Maj. W. P. Emanuel, commanding in that quarter, with a section of Woods's battery and all his troops south of the river, marched at once to Mrs. Sparkman's and boldly attacked the boats with rifles and battery. The enemy's force that had landed was compelled to reembark, and the boats soon steamed down the river, shelling the banks on their way. Major Emanuel threw his mounted infantry forward at every available bluff and gave the boats a spirited fight on their return to Georgetown. A picket force on Pinckney Island was surprised and captured at dawn of August 21, by Captains Elliott and Mickler. This was an incursion far into the enemy's lines, and at the risk of being cut off by his gunboats, which were in the immediate vicinity. The lieutenant commanding the Federal picket was killed, with fourteen of his men, and thirty-six were captured, four of whom were wounded. The expedition left Bear Island in nine boats, one hundred and twenty strong, detachments from the 11th Volunteers, Captains Mickler, Leadbetter, and Wescoat commanding, and from the Beaufort artillery, Lieutenant Stuart commanding, the whole directed by Capts. Stephen Elliott and John H. Mickler. The affair was well planned and gallantly executed, with the loss of only eight men wounded on the part of the Confederates.

(Following are the names of the survivors of the Charleston companies engaged in that battle as reported by Comrade R. DeT. Lawrence: Sergt. John L. Sheppard and Edward S. Burnham, Company A, Washington Light Infantry, Eutaw Battalion; Sergt. T. Grange Simons, Jr., Sergt. Alexander Force, Corporal R. deTreville Lawrence, J. P. Millard, Robert W. Greer, and R. G. McCutcheon, Company B, Washington Light Infantry, Eutaw Battalion; First Sergts. James F. Riley and Dennis Cassiday, Union Light Infantry; Bernard P. Maull, Charleston Light Infantry; Henry T. Surau, Sumter Guards; Corporal Adolph Jager, Irish Volunteers; Sergt. Joseph T. Sanders, Beauregard Light Infantry; Edmund H. Browne, and Charles A. Speisegger, Charleston Riflemen. The six companies mentioned belonged to the Charleston battalion.)

CROSSING THE POTOMAC.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

After the capture of Milroy's army and cleaning up the Valley of Virginia of all Federal forces, we marched leisurely to the fords of the Potomac and crossed over into Maryland on what might be called a summer picnic excursion, which did not end until we reached the Susquehanna River at Wrightsville and Harrisburg, Pa., and returned to Gettysburg, where, to our surprise, we found that General Lee had followed us with his whole army. Some parts of our (Ewell's) corps crossed the river at Williamsport, but Gordon's Brigade forded it at Shepherdstown.

On a bluff on one side of the road leading down to the ford was our military band playing "Dixie" and "Maryland, My Maryland," while many of our soldiers from that State sat on their horses on the opposite side near General Gordon and seemed greatly pleased as we plunged into the blue water waist deep, delighted with the prospect of our driving the enemy out of their beloved native State.

The river at this place is wide, with a strong current; but we made the landing on the other side without an accident.

We then marched straight toward Sharpsburg and passed

through the old battle field where, the previous September, was fought the most desperate engagement of the entire war.

We continued our course through Hagerstown and were soon across Mason and Dixon's line in Pennsylvania. Less than a mile from the the State line we made our camp for the night; but before we broke ranks General Lee's order was read forbidding us to trespass on private property under pain of death. Some of our soldiers were inclined to disregard this order of our noble general, since the enemy ravaged our Southland without hindrance by those over them, and thought we ought to pay them back in kind, since we were in their country. Compare our conduct in Pennsylvania with that of Sherman in Georgia and the Carolinas, and Sheridan and Custer in the Valley of Virginia, and decide which side was the more humane.

In every regiment, I suppose there were some who were unworthy and even a disgrace to the service. In my company was a short, stocky fellow of German descent, who was always among the stragglers in the rear when there was any fighting to do and ahead us of when we were on the retreat. This knock-kneed, slew-footed fellow was a natural thief, always drunk when he could get liquor to drink, a consummate coward and dodger; but when under the influence of spirits a very dangerous man. Some wag dubbed him "Old Webfoot," and the name was so appropriate as to stick. Near the public road and just a few feet from the State line stood a very substantial residence, evidently the home of well-to-do people. "Webfoot" fell out of the ranks of the stragglers when he saw the house and entered it, demanding in his abrupt manner something to eat. The folks treated his request with contempt, refusing to give him anything; whereupon he went through the dining room and pantry, taking the best of what he found. Not satisfied with this, he examined the premises and found concealed in the basement, under a quantity of hay, a span of splendid dappled iron-gray horses, very suitable for artillery service. This he reported to our quartermaster, whose duty it was to impress horses for the army, and in a short while the horses were led out and inducted into the Confederate service.

We marched the next day without any interruption and made our camp near a village. The next morning the captain sent me and a comrade ahead of the column to fill the canteens with water. We stopped in front of a beautiful residence, with a grassy lawn in front, and hailed. An old gentleman, dressed in blue overalls, with a wide straw hat on his head, came out, apparently very much frightened. We spoke to him respectfully and asked if we might fill the canteens at the pump just over the fence in the yard. But the old fellow's mind was so preoccupied with the apprehension that his factory on the other side of the street would be burned that he paid no attention to our request and would talk to us about nothing else. We assured him that it would not be molested, but this did not satisfy him, and we left him in a state of extreme doubt and fear. No doubt he judged us from his own standard of right and wrong. I saw but one private enterprise destroyed in this campaign in Pennsylvania, and that was the iron works of Thad Stevens, a member of the United States Congress, one of the bitterest enemies of the South, and an advocate of every extreme measure enacted before, during, and after the war.

In crossing the mountainous part of the country we found the few people we saw to be rough and ignorant, living in little log shacks; but the men were not at home; they had business somewhere else at that time. When we reached the open country it was quite different. Our route lay through a

lovely country of well tilled farms, nice towns, and villages. We, the infantry, were kept close in ranks, while the quartermasters and the small cavalry force with us were busy collecting horses, cattle, and sheep for the use of the army; but we were not allowed to appropriate anything to our own use.

Passing in front of a lovely home, which reminded me, from its style of architecture and the grounds in front, of a Southern residence, I rushed in at the front gate, through which others were passing, and went into the spacious hall through the open front door, thinking to find hospitable people who would give me something to eat; all doors were wide open. I found a lady, trembling with fear, in a room to the left, with three little children clinging to her. I think I never saw anyone so badly frightened as this woman was at the sight of our men coming into the house in a great hurry, all asking for bread and milk. She excited my sympathy, and I stepped up to her, supposing a kind word would dismiss her fear, and told her not to be afraid, that the soldiers did not mean to do her any harm, but only wanted to get something to eat; but the poor creature was so overcome by her feelings that she did not seem to hear me. I was disposed to stand by her side until the whole army passed, but I knew that would not do, so I hastily snatched up from the dining room such as I found convenient and left her and her little ones there to themselves, knowing that they would not suffer any violence at the hands of our men, for there was not a one in our whole army mean enough to do such a thing.

The day we marched into Gettysburg was cold and raw, although it was June, and a drizzly rain falling. The brigade entered the town from the west and marched to the public square, where the head of the column turned down the main street to the south and halted while our military band took position on the principal corner and played "Dixie" and many other selections; but none of the older citizens showed themselves. The younger set, however, of both sexes, considered it a holiday and turned out in force. They were anxious to know when we were going to burn the town. Crowds of these youngsters hung to us everywhere we went, asking this same question. Our only answer was that Southern soldiers didn't burn towns.

The 31st Georgia Regiment was selected to do provost guard duty in the town, and we were up a great part of the night. Worn out by the long march of the previous day and tramping over the town until a late hour, wet and chilled to the bone, I made my way to the courthouse and threw myself down on a bench to spend the few remaining hours of the night in sleep. At early dawn the rattle of the drum called us to ranks, and we set out on the march to York.

This place was much larger than Gettysburg and the inhabitants did not shut themselves up in their houses through fear of us, but were so anxious to see us and converse with us that we had some difficulty in forcing our way through the city. It was Sunday morning, and everybody was dressed in his very best. So great was the pressure that our officers marched us through the town in single column of twos. Handsomely dressed women extended their hands from each side, anxious to have a word with us; but our officers hurried us along as rapidly as possible. Among the men I saw several who were suffering from wounds, but these kept themselves well to the rear and did not seek to come in contact with us. The people of York were the most refined and intelligent folk we met in the State and reminded us of our friends at home, both in manners and personal appearance. They did not seem to be a bit reserved, and if we had not known where we were, we might, from their conduct, have supposed ourselves in Dixie.

We continued our course to the east and in two days more reached Wrightsville, on the Susquehanna, where we met the first hostile demonstration since we had entered the State. The river at this place is very wide and rapid. A long bridge spanned the stream, and from the bridge the town extended up a long and rather steep hill, and consisted of a row of wooden buildings on each side of the street. About a mile from the village the State militia threw up good earthworks, but ran away after exchanging a few shots with us, set fire to the town, and blew up the bridge. This was very fortunate for us, for, no doubt, if it had not been done, we would have gone right on to Philadelphia and would have been too far away to help other parts of the army at Gettysburg. When we reached the village the flames were fast eating their way up the street, and the entire place would have burned but for the heroic efforts of our pioneers and soldiers in subduing the conflagration. This we succeeded in doing only after blowing up several houses with kegs of powder. But we got no thanks from the citizens for what we did; they seemed to think we had come only to kill and destroy. We were animated by a different spirit from that which inspired Sherman at Atlanta and at Columbia, S. C., and Sheridan and Custer in the Valley of Virginia.

Other brigades of Early's division went to the Susquehanna at Harrisburg and captured thousands of State militia (some say five thousand), and would have taken the State capital could they have crossed the river. We remained at Wrightsville until the next day at eleven o'clock in the morning, when we were ordered to return to York. From that place we marched rapidly to Gettysburg, where we were surprised to learn that General Lee had followed Ewell's Corps with the rest of the army.

At York General Early had made a demand on the merchants for a large sum of money as indemnity for destruction of property in Virginia. When they were unable to pay the amount imposed, he seized a large quantity of such goods as the army needed. We arrived there in the night, after a hard march from Wrightsville, and bivouacked. The orderly sergeant detailed me and a comrade to go to the quartermaster and draw rations, and our part of the goods coming to our company. It was surprising to see the amount and variety issued to us, and to get it all to the men consumed a great part of the night, and we found many of them lying about fast asleep, and could not waken them to take anything. We finally fell down ourselves and had hardly closed our eyes in sleep when we were called to ranks, half dead from fatigue, to resume a hard march to Gettysburg. Even when our men awoke they paid no attention to the great piles of supplies we had brought them, and marched away, leaving their portions for anybody who might find them. Among the rations I remember were two hindquarters of very fine beef, a barrel or two of flour, some buckets of wine, sugar, clothing, shoes, etc. All this for about twenty men. I suppose the rest of Early's division got things in the same proportion as our company, all of which would have required quite a train to transport it.

My comrade and I had been up the greater part of three nights in succession, to say nothing of the hard marching, and, as the hot sun arose, we found it impossible to keep up with the regiment, then hurrying toward Gettysburg. Both of us were scorched with fever and had to follow slowly with the stragglers. Before noon the boom of cannon ahead of us indicated that an engagement was on, but the brigade had left us far to the rear and by the time we reached the place where it struck the enemy, it had driven them through forest and field, through the city, and from every position where

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they had attempted to make a stand. The remnant not killed or captured took position on top of a great elevation overlooking the town and began immediately to fortify it. So few were left our men did not bother to attack them that evening, but heavy reinforcements arrived during the night, and they were able to hold their strong position. To the left of our brigade our men captured parts of their line the next day, but could not hold the ground against superior numbers. Our brigade lay in line of battle in the suburbs under shell fire from the artillery and the enemy's sharpshooters on the heights above them, while our skirmishers in the upper rooms of the houses in the town kept up a hot fire on the enemy's line, returning shot for shot. Some of our brave comrades, exhausted by the fatigue of the past few days, lying here under fire, fell asleep despite the noise of this great battle, and in this condition they were killed, and thus never awoke to know their fate. When my comrade and I reached the place where the brigade struck the enemy, we walked over the ground for some distance to see if we could find any of our comrades among the dead and wounded. We saw some dead Confederates and some hopelessly wounded, but none we knew. The enemy's dead were everywhere as far as we could see toward the town. From the prisoners we learned that the brigade struck them just as they had arrived from a forced march to assist those parts of their army that A. P. Hill and General Rodes of our corps were driving toward the city, and just as the enemy had formed in line and were stacking arms to take a minute's rest, our brigade opened on them, mowing them down at a fearful rate. This threw them into a great panic, from which they were never able to recover, although they made several attempts to hold positions between that place and the town. The brigade, under General Gordon's splendid leadership, drove them like cattle, while Hill and Rodes, to our right, were doing the same thing. Ten thousand of the enemy were lying wounded or dead on the battle field and the sun was still shining in the heavens. Gordon did not want to halt at the town, but was anxious to drive the enemy from the heights, which he could have done at this time so easily, but was not allowed to do so by his superiors. It is said that he was so mortified at their refusal that he cried: "O, for Stonewall Jackson!" If they had only hearkened to Gordon that afternoon history would have been quite different. That night, when Mead arrived, he would have found the Confederates holding the high ground and in position to destroy his army. Gordon's ability was never appreciated until it was too late for him to accomplish anything.

When our men were driving the enemy's broken ranks toward the city, certain individuals of the enemy exhibited acts of heroism worthy to be mentioned. The color bearer of a New York regiment was a hundred yards in the rear of his men, waving his flag and begging his comrades to stand and fight. Certain soldiers in my company noticed him and cried: "Shoot him! Shoot him!" and one of them threw up his gun and fired, bringing down the flag and killing the brave fellow. Seeing what he had done, he said: "O, I am sorry I killed that brave man; I ought to have shot one of those cowardly rascals yonder running away."

THE LAUREL.

They wreathè with it the warrior's brow,
And crown the chieftain's head;

But the laurel leaves love best to grace

The garland of the dead.

—*Father Ryan.*

WHO SAVED LYNCHBURG FROM HUNTER'S RAID?

BY A. H. PLECKER, LYNCHBURG, VA.

In the Lynchburg *Virginian* of Sunday, June 12, 1864, appeared this article:

"An ammunition train that left this city via the Orange road, about two o'clock on Saturday, and for the safety of which great fears were entertained, returned safely about eight o'clock in the evening. The conductor saw smoke in the direction of Arrington Depot, from which he inferred that the building was burned by the enemy. There was on the train a gentleman named Dowdy, who had a hundred unarmed men with him, and he took the responsibility of seizing an equal number of muskets that were on a car, armed his men, and got off at Tye River bridge with the avowed purpose of defending it to the last extremity. Such an instance of heroism should not be left unrecorded."

The only mistake in this paragraph is the name of the gentleman, or captain of the company, Douthat being the proper name.

Now, as a member of that band of men from 1861 to 1865, I wish to give a little Confederate history. The company was organized in 1859, at the time of the John Brown raid, and was named the Mountain Rifles. Its first captain was Joseph W. Anderson (son of a distinguished citizen of his county), who was promoted to major of artillery and was killed at Champion Hill, Miss., in June, 1863. Its next captain, John W. Johnston, was also promoted to major of artillery, and served under his distinguished kinsman, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, to the close of the war in North Carolina. Its third captain was Henry C. Douthat, who was its commander to the close of hostilities.

The company was among the first to arrive at Manassas in 1861, and was known as Company H, 28th Virginia Regiment. In the early autumn the company enlisted for the war and was given artillery and a thirty-day furlough. We broke camp at Centerville on Christmas Eve for sweet home, and on January 25, 1862, the company went into camp at Camp Lee, Richmond, Va. It was now known as Anderson's Battery, and had the promise from his kinsman, Joseph R. Anderson, of the Tredegar Iron Works, of six brass guns, the very best the works could turn out. The company was very quick in mastering artillery tactics, as it was also in infantry, and was called on to drill other troops as they arrived in camp. In the early spring an order was received from Tennessee for the best-equipped and official battery to be sent them, and it fell to the lot of Anderson's battery to go. It was the advanced company, and the compliment was great. We left Richmond in high spirits, with our Virginia flag (made from Mrs. Anderson's wedding gown), presented to the company by the ladies of Buchanan, our home town, unfurled, and in due time arrived at Knoxville, Tenn., where we received our horses and started for Powell Valley, East Tennessee, and spent the summer and fall there and in Kentucky under Gen. E. Kirby Smith. In the late fall we were back in East and Middle Tennessee, where we did some hard and tiresome marching over Walden's Ridge and Cumberland Mountain. We marched four miles in sixteen hours, fourteen horses hitched to a carriage or gun. At the close of the year the battery, with General Stevenson in command, was ordered to Vicksburg, Miss., where we arrived at 8 P.M. on the last day of the year 1862. A battle had been fought that day above the city, and was expected to be renewed the next. We were ordered to march at once to the battle field, three miles off. It was very dark and raining hard, but we finally got in the lines under fire from the enemy's sharpshooters or pickets.

At daylight the Yankees were gone, and our company went into camp around and in the city.

About this time we elected new officers; Captain Anderson having been made major of artillery, Lieutenant Johnston was made captain. The name of the company was changed to Botetourt Artillery. We fought in all the battles around the city up to and during the forty-seven days of siege. Our losses were very heavy, especially at Port Gibson, where we lost forty-five officers and men killed, wounded, and captured, fifty-three horses and four guns. At this time we had but one left of the commissioned officers we had five months before. The one that escaped was Lieutenant Douthat, who was on detached service, recruiting for the company. After the siege the battery was sent back to its home State, Virginia, and served in southwest Virginia.

On June 9, 1864, an order came for the company to move at once to Staunton, via Lynchburg, Va., leaving our horses behind. The order was so urgent that the flat cars, with the battery on, was attached to the mail train. On arriving at Lynchburg, we were told to remain for further orders, hence the paragraph in the Lynchburg paper mentioned above, and we left next day on date and time mentioned. On arriving at Amherst Station, fourteen miles out, we were informed that the enemy was in our front, destroying the road. Captain Douthat prevailed on the conductor to take his company on to the next station, or as far as he felt safe to go. Arriving at the next station, we could see the smoke from the burning depot at Arrington, six miles off. Midway between the two stations was a railroad bridge (a large wooden structure) over Tye River. Now, we knew if the enemy got to that bridge the loss would be great. "But what can we do here with guns on these cars and no horses?" said the captain. Some one said: "Let's rock them." Another spoke up and said: "There are small arms in one of the cars. I saw them put on in the city before we left." In a few minutes every man had a gun, with ammunition in his pockets, and started at a double-quick three miles to that bridge, got there at dark, and placed pickets. Captain Douthat asked me to take two good men and take position on a hill about five hundred yards beyond the bridge, in a road leading from the burned depot, and keep a good lookout should the enemy show up. "And when you are sure of your game, fire on them and fall back to the bridge," he said.

The night was very dark, and with woods in our front we could see nothing. About midnight we heard the tramp of horses on the hard road. We halted them when within proper distance, and asked who they were. They stopped, but made no reply. I asked again, "And if you don't tell me we will fire on you." At that they turned tail and went back at a rapid rate. We fired after them and still held our post. Now, I have every evidence to believe that it was the enemy coming to destroy that bridge. Shortly after daylight they came in contact with some of our cavalry, on the lookout for them, and were driven back across the mountain into Rockbridge County. After burying one of our men, who accidentally lost his life at the bridge, the company marched back to Lynchburg, twenty-three miles, as our train with guns had returned to the city soon after we left it. At Lynchburg we got horses and moved to a redoubt on Amherst Heights. On the morning of the 17th, the battery was ordered to the city, and lay all day on Church Street, every man at his post, awaiting orders to go on to the front, as the enemy was quite near the city at that time. At dark we moved to the inner lines on College Hill. Early the next morning we were ordered to move to the front lines, with four guns on the forest road, and two on the Salem Turnpike. Those on the forest road

were just in time to drive the enemy back from the railroad and a railroad bridge over Ivy Creek they were trying to burn. They made several attempts to get to the road and bridge in the early part of the day.

During the early morning we met with an accident in the bursting of one of our guns, and Lieutenant Oberchain took the disabled gun and detachment back to the city to get a new one. On arriving at the depot, where a number of guns were parked, he was told by the officer in charge that he could not get one without the proper permit, and for him to go up into the city and see "Major So-and-So," who would give him an order on "Captain So-and-So," then to bring the order to him, and he would get the gun. Now, Lieutenant Oberchain was not a profane man, and it was hard to tell what was passing through his mind at that time, but he told the officer that the case was very urgent; that the enemy was likely to enter the city any moment, and these guns would all go up with the city. A gun he had come for, and he was going to have it, regardless of the red tape, so he ordered his men to take charge of a gun and move rapidly to the front. With a smile he saluted the astonished officer, telling him to charge the gun up to the Botetourt Artillery. The gun arrived in good time to help drive the enemy back from the railroad and bridge. Finally they gave up it, placed a battery on the high grounds beyond the railroad, and spent the rest of the day shellelling us. We replied in kind, and before daylight on the 19th, General Hunter was on the run for the mountains of West Virginia, with our battery in hot pursuit. Having about eight hours the start of us, he escaped with only the loss of a battery and a few prisoners near Salem, Roanoke County, Va.

We continued with General Early down the Valley, and in December the battery was sent back to Southwest Virginia, and went into winter quarters at New River Bridge. In the early spring of 1865, we were on the march toward Tennessee to meet Stoneman, who was advancing from that direction. On April 12, three days after General Lee's surrender, we cut down our gun carriages and caissons and buried our guns on the top of the Alleghany Mountains, and went home, after four long years of service and suffering.

As Miss Mary Johnston, daughter of Maj. John W. Johnston, said in her address at the unveiling of our monument in Vicksburg, Miss.: "They fought all over." So we did. Fifty-seven years have passed over our heads since that eventful day. At our last reunion, May 1, 1921, we could muster only seven men, and one of them has since passed over the river. The battery has two monuments to its credit, one in its home village, the other in Vicksburg National Park. The company kept up its quota of men, one hundred strong, and six guns throughout the war.

Had the bridge over Tye River been destroyed the night of June 11, 1864, General Early could not have arrived when he did, at 2 P.M., on the 17th. He would have had to march twenty-three miles, part of it after dark, on a dark night and a rough road, and he could not have arrived much before daylight on the morning of the 18th, the day he fought the battle. The forces in Hunter's front on the 17th were inadequate to hold him, consequently the city would have been in ashes by that time, the morning of the 18th. When General Hunter heard that Early was in his front he was a whipped man.

At the battle of Guilford Courthouse, March 15, 1781, the "Maryland Line," with the Virginia regulars, bore the brunt of the battle, and turned defeat into victory.—*Dixie Book of Days.*

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A LITTLE GIRL IN THE WAR.

BY MISS M. M. JENNINGS, GREENVILLE, ALA.

I am not sorry that I've passed many milestones in life's journey, that the snows of many winters have gathered upon my head, though the snow began to gather when I was sixteen. My regret is that I did not have more of those happy days of the dear old "mammy," the care-free, happy days of Dixie before the war.

I was quite a little girl when the war began. My second term at school was the winter of excitement and secession of the States, but I remember much of those blissful days. My home was in town, but I spent much time in the country on the large plantations. Many of the plantation homes were but a few miles distant. On some, the owners lived; on others, the overseers and families.

The young people of the present can have no conception of the beauty and grandeur of those golden days. The memory of them is one of the most precious of our treasures.

Each plantation was a little colony. The "big house," in which "Ole Master" and "Old Mistis" lived; the kitchen across the yard, for then no kitchen was attached to the dwelling; the houses around the yard for the house servants; and then the "quarters," where the field hands lived. Each family had a two-roomed house with a hall between and a yard and garden. And all was ruled by—"Ole Mistis." "Ole Master's" word was law in regard to raising the cotton, but the welfare of all rested upon "Ole Mistis," and she and "mammy" ruled supreme.

The days of early childhood were golden days. Then came the days of excitement, of secession, and the men enlisting in the army. We little girls took part in it. We made stump speeches, of course, talking as our fathers and brothers talked. We organized a military company, wore red sashes and paper caps, and had broom handles and walking canes for guns. We marched around the campus and on the streets up town, where the men encouraged and drilled us.

We thought we could whip a regiment of Yankees, that all we would have to do was to say "boo" and rush toward them, and they would turn and run. Those were the days of excitement and glory; later, dark gloomy days came.

To me the days of excitement lasted a year, for my mother, my younger brother, and I went to Norfolk, Va., to join father and brother, who were there with their regiment.

We remained in that city with a cousin, visiting the camps several times a week. Knowing all the men in the home company, and having relatives in others, Willie and I soon became much at home in the camp. My father, as chaplain, had his tent in line with other officers, and near that of the colonel. We were welcome in all, and became pets.

There was much to be seen in and near Norfolk, Fort Norfolk, the fortifications along the banks of the river, Craney Island, and, across the river at Gosport, the navy yard.

General Huger, commander of the post, and my father were warm personal friends, and Governor Wise, then a general in the Confederate army, and my father were cousins; so many courtesies were extended us, many opportunities given to see all that was to be seen.

In the fall the regiment was moved some miles from the city. We went too, but did not stay in camp. A beautiful stream flowed between the camp and our abiding place—a small house just off the road, which father secured for us. Across the road from our regiment was a large encampment of cavalry, and just on the other side of our house was artillery. You can imagine what an exciting, wonderful winter it was to me—the booming of cannon, drilling of soldiers, and the heavy snows and freezing over of the stream. The latter part of the winter

we returned to the city. Not long after it was announced that the Virginia (Merrimac) was finished and in a few days would attack the Yankee fleet in Hampton Roads. On that Saturday morning the wharves and piers and banks of the river were lined with thousands of people to see the first iron-clad vessel. I was at the end of a pier hugging a post and watching the strange-looking vessel steam down the river. It looked like the roof of a house floating on the water. Soon it reached the Roads, and then the cannon began to boom, and we knew that men were being killed. The Virginia returned that evening, then went out again on Sunday morning and resumed the battle. My mother took me to church that morning. I well remember how gloomy all the people looked, their greetings quiet and few. I suppose the grown-ups heard the sermon; I did not. I heard the booming of the cannon, and kept saying to myself: "Some more dead Yankees." I never thought that any of our soldiers would be killed or wounded.

The editor of one of the papers lived near us, and his little daughter and I were chums. I was at her home on Sunday afternoon when her father came in and said that the Virginia had returned, and they feared she had received internal injuries. I misunderstood the word and ran home, rushed in, and said: "Mr. Hathaway says the Virginia has come back and has infernal injuries." "No, you mean internal," said my father. I was much ashamed of the "*infernal*" mistake and wished to forget it, but they wouldn't let me.

The Virginia was put in dry dock immediately, and repairs begun. A few days after the battle, father took us to the navy yard to see her. The first part I saw was the smokestack, and I exclaimed: "O! look at the smokestack! It looks like a big nutmeg grater." And that is what it did resemble, as many shots had passed through it. I was not allowed to go on board, but went all around and beneath her; went to the bottom of the dock and saw the entire hull, and where the prow had been broken off.

In May came the evacuation of Norfolk, and those were gloomy, exciting times. The streets were filled day and night with soldiers marching to the ferry and station, and all of the citizens who could do so were packing and leaving. Our regiment had gone to Richmond, and father decided it was best for us to go back to Alabama. The wife of Captain Bonham and their two children were to accompany us. We left on Wednesday morning, and the Yankees entered on Friday. There were no sleeping cars in those days, and the day coaches were small and uncomfortable. Our train was crowded with fleeing citizens and sick and wounded soldiers. One passenger was Buchanan, the brave captain of the Virginia, who was wounded during the battle.

That was a long trip, full of excitement and discomfits. The first night was spent at Raleigh, N. C., and we went to several hotels before we could get rooms, all crowded with refugees.

A bit of unintentional rudeness and a compliment on my part gained us a room. As we entered the lobby of a hotel, my eyes fell upon the most perfectly beautiful woman I ever saw. Childlike I stared at her; she noticed it, and smiled. As I continued to stare, she came to me and asked if I thought I knew her. I told her I did not, but could not keep from looking at her, as she was the most beautiful lady I had ever seen. She smiled, and asked where I was from and where going. I told her, and that we had no place to spend the night, pointing to the other members of the party. She spoke to my mother, then crossed the room and talked with another lady. Returning to us, she said she and the lady had a room with two

beds in it, and would gladly give us the use of it, and we accepted with thanks.

The next day, at a small station, where our train had stopped, I saw a soldier bidding his mother good-bye, then he attempted to board the train after it began to move, his foot slipped and his life was crushed out beneath the wheels. The horror of the scene and the shrieks of his mother were with me all day.

The next night was spent on the train—Friday night at Augusta, Saturday night at Atlanta, and Montgomery was reached on Sunday noon—four and a half days on a trip that can now be made in less than one. We stopped at "The Montgomery Hall," a hotel which stood upon the lot occupied by the Federal building. No boat left Montgomery until Monday evening, so it was Tuesday when we reached home.

The fighting raged around Richmond, and father, who was physician as well as minister, and had been appointed surgeon in the army, was busy in the hospitals, taking no rest. While there the two brothers in Magruder's army at Yorktown were sent to Richmond, one wounded, the other desperately ill. The hospitals were so crowded that father got the wounded one transferred to Lynchburg and the sick one to the home of a friend in Petersburg.

Owing to constant duty and heat father's health failed, so he resigned and came home during the summer. The sick brother came also, and soon answered the last roll call, the one in Lynchburg having died a few weeks before. Two other brothers were in the army, one in the Army of Tennessee the other with Stonewall Jackson.

Those were sad days, for there were many new mounds in the cemeteries, many women wearing black, many homes in which there were aching hearts. The dark days had come, and for three years remained with us. Homes had been stripped of carpets and heavy curtains to be used as blankets for the soldiers. All linen articles had been made into bandages or scraped into lint and sent to the hospitals. Dry goods, shoes, tea, coffee, and many other articles could not be procured. Salt was so scarce that every grain was worth its weight in gold. Many things were substituted for articles that had been considered necessities. The principal one for coffee was sweet potatoes cut into small cubes, roasted, and ground, and used without sugar. There was but little flour, and the few having any used it once a week, hot biscuit for breakfast on Sunday morning. Not having any sugar, and flour being so scarce, few cakes were made; occasionally some made molasses cake. Not much cane was raised at the beginning of the war, but more and more as the years passed by. Millet was raised from which sorghum is made.

It was almost impossible to get dry goods, so spinning wheels and old looms were brought out, and many learned to use them. Thread for stockings for those at home and socks for the soldiers was spun, and every woman and girl learned to knit; all were knitting most of the time for the soldiers.

As the men were in the army, the women had to superintend work on the plantations, raising the crops, weaving of cloth, not only for home consumption, but for the men at the front.

After many experiments, the art of dyeing was learned and many lovely pieces of homespun were woven, much like the ginghams now. I remember a dress I had just before the close of the war. One thread of blue, one of black, one of white in both warp and filling made a bluish gray that was pretty. The threads were fine and material soft and dainty.

Providing shoes was also one of the problems of the times, It was almost impossible to buy them or have them made if leather could be secured. No shoemakers, only a few cobblers

among the negroes, until many of the men too old for the army, or disabled, learned to make them. It was difficult to get leather for an entire pair, so the ladies made the uppers of broadcloth, using old coats and pants. They were stitched by machine, or hand, generally the latter. Spool thread became so scarce and so high—five to ten dollars a spool—that the sewing machines were not used. Not a basting thread was thrown away, and needles were treasured like jewels. Pins were worth their weight in silver. Buttons were made of various articles—seeds, cardboard, and gourds cut into shape and covered with cloth or silk, and old horns cut into shape.

Lovely hats were made of palmetto and shucks. When shucks were used, a frame was made and wired; the shucks were cut into strips four or five inches long and stripped by pins to within an inch of the ends, then folded and sewed to the frame; lovely flowers were also made of the shucks. Most of the hats in our town were made of palmetto, for we could get much of it. It was stripped, bleached, plaited into different kinds of braid, and sewed into shape. Some were trimmed with palmetto flowers, some with rooster and bird feathers, some with ribbons that had been dyed. Those trimmed in dried grasses were much like such hats as the people in Florida now make, which are bought and worn by Northern tourists.

Hard as the times were, there were changes in style. Dame Fashion ruled them as now. I remember the "skyscraper" bonnets some of the ladies wore, not many, for few could get material enough to make one, not for lack of money, but scarcity of material. Those bonnets were huge affairs of light, thin material, were tied under the chin, covered the entire head, and stood four or five inches above the forehead, the space between the head and bonnet being filled with flowers.

Writing paper became a precious article. Old blank books were looked over, clean sheets cut out, fly leaves of books were cut out, wrapping paper cut into sheets—envelopes were turned; and the ink used was homemade. Copybooks at school were few; we used slates, and were very careful of them, for we knew they could not be replaced. We were well supplied with slate pencils, for at one place the bottom and banks of a near-by stream were of soapstone, from which we made our pencils.

Lights were another problem. Oil could not be procured. Some families had candle molds and made their candles of tallow; but it was not plentiful, so many could not be made. The light from a tallow candle is not very bright, but one was all a family could afford. Tallow became so scarce that common yellow wax was mixed with it, and the "Confederate Candle" was made. They were of strands of thread several yards long, dipped into melted wax and tallow, when dry, dipped again and again until about the size of a finger, then wound around an upright object, sometimes a bottle, but generally a corn cob fastened to a block, the roughness of the cob keeping the coils in place. Such candles had to be watched constantly to keep all from melting; as it burned low, it had to be uncoiled and lifted up. During family prayers one of us had to watch it.

It is impossible to tell of all the hardships endured by the women and children, all so willingly borne for the sake of the cause. It was their undaunted courage, patriotism, and willingness to bear hardships that kept the men at the front. President Davis said: "The war would have been a pulseless cause without woman's patriotism at the heart of it."

Vegetables and chickens were raised, and sent, with milk and butter, to the hospitals and sick and wounded soldiers. Uncomplainingly, willingly, did they sit down to meals of corn bread and sorghum or meal. They not only superintended the raising of crops, weaving of cloth, their households,

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but sewed and knit for the soldiers, and nursed the sick and dying.

Christmas was a sad time for the parents, for they could do so little for the happiness of the children, but it takes little to make them happy. The home-knit stockings were hung up, and little ones slept believing Santa Claus would come. Some molasses cake and candy, a pair of mittens, or rag doll, some homemade toy, were put in, and next morning the children were happy.

Times were hard, hearts were aching, but there were pleasures and gayety, for young folks will be young folks. Entertainments were gotten up—tableaux, concerts, dances and parties—at the homes which were lighted by a few candles, but refreshments were seldom served. Some of the girls wore dresses they had before the war, but most of them wore homespun, and some were so fortunate as to have new calico dresses. Many of the parties were given for a soldier returning to his command after a furlough, or illness, and although they were gay, there was an undercurrent of sadness, and there were tears when the "good night" was said. Dan Cupid played his game then as now, and there were weddings—the groom often clad in a patched suit of gray, the bride in homespun, fortunate if she could get a new calico for the occasion. Calico, when it could be got, cost six and eight dollars a yard, and before the close of the war went up to ten and twelve dollars. Fifty-six dollars was paid for a dress for me, and I was very proud of it.

We school children attended to our studies, played our games, had our pleasures. During the summers we made trips to the country, but autumn gave us our greatest pleasures. Our nutting parties were merry, and we laid in large supplies for the winter. And the visits to the plantations were joyous affairs. We became monarchs of all we surveyed, and every command was obeyed. The little darkies brought out their treasures of nuts, "mammy" and the "aunties" told us stories of "Brer Rabbit" and Brer Possum;" of spirits and hants; of the "booger" man. Just such stories as "Uncle Remus" has given to the world. Mammy roasted potatoes for us, baked ash cakes, and popped corn. But the best time of all was when they made syrup. We always carried a large pot in which to make candy and mammy, or an old auntie, went to make it. While she was making it, we drove the horse around the mill, chewed cane, drank the juice, and played games. Then came the joy of pulling the candy. Each child tried to get his piece lightest in color. We returned home laden with candy, nuts, cane, popcorn, and apples, tired but happy.

Simple pleasure you will say, but healthful and innocent.

But there was an undercurrent of sadness even among the children. We did not organize any more military companies. We had learned that the Yankees could and did fight.

As the end drew near the current came to the surface, and the days were gloomy, especially when we knew that Wilson's army was coming. Those were the days of planning how and where to hide valuables. Many girls and women stole out at midnight and buried treasures at the roots of rosebushes and fruit-trees. Children carried treasures to the woods and hid them in hollow logs and stumps.

Then the Yankees came. A small detachment of Forrest's troops were near town. Some of the boys of the town belonged to that detachment and had come into town to see the home folks. One was visiting at a home half a mile from town, and on the road by which the Yankees were coming.

The alarm was given, and he ran to the gate. The Yankees were in sight and saw him unhitch his horse. After he had done that, he turned, took off his hat, bowed to them, vaulted

into his saddle and came to town, giving the alarm, and calling to his comrades.

He was followed by a squad of the Yankees, and the first glimpse we had of the army was that squad headed by an Indian, whose long black hair streamed out behind him. They were firing constantly, and my father had us go into the house, and doors and blinds were closed for fear stray bullets might reach us. The squad returned to the army, which went into camp near town. No one slept that night. We could hear them riding about the streets, but no none was molested. We could see fires in the direction from which they had come, and knew barns and gins, perhaps homes, were burning.

When daylight came, my father told us to put on all the clothes we could, for fear the house would be burned. He gave me his revolver, a six-shooter, and told me to wear it beneath my skirts. I put on extra underwear, belted in the revolver, another underskirt, then the pretty blue-gray homespun dress, then the precious calico, and over all another homespun dress. I was a sight to behold, almost as broad as long, and very uncomfortable.

By sunrise the bluecoats were everywhere, demanding eggs, chickens, milk, and butter, and that provisions be cooked for them.

It was a time of pillage, of looting, destroying what they could not take with them. They went into homes and took everything from wardrobes, trunks, and drawers, pulling beds apart, in some places cutting open beds, pillows, and mattresses. They took handsome silk quilts for saddle blankets all the silver they found, in fact, everything they could carry off. Everything in pantries and smokehouses was taken or destroyed. I saw them cut meat into tiny pieces and throw them on the ground, meal and dirt thrown over them, then syrup poured over, and all mixed together. Hams and other pieces of meat were tied on the saddles, bags of provisions, and bundles of looted articles were fastened on, so that little of the horse could be seen. A strange-looking army that marched from the town! They scoured the country for miles around, and that night the sky was lighted in every direction by burning buildings.

Stock was taken, people left with empty pantries. They lived as best they could, some on parched corn that was picked up where the horses had been fed. Many chickens were frightened and hid under houses where the soldiers couldn't get them. They were saved, and the sale of eggs from them brought in the first United States money that some had seen for years.

A part of that army was stationed at Montgomery, and foraging parties came every week, taking vegetables, butter, eggs, and chickens, if any could be found, and not paying for anything they took. As they visited us so often, I continued to wear the six-shooter—beneath my skirts. Our section fared better than other parts of the country, especially the border States, but it was so sad so horrible, that I pray that we may never again pass through such scenes.

TENNESSEE.

BY SUSIE GENTRY, FRANKLIN, TENN.

A beautiful, bright land of mountain and lea,
Where clear streams ripple in exuberant glee;
Where birds warble songs that linger and thrill,
And herds roam lazily over sunlit hill;
Where the spirit of man is proud and free
In our God-blessed land, great Tennessee.

LITTLE OIRISH.

BY CHARLES FENNELL, LEXINGTON, KY.

After the second day's fighting at Chickamauga, both Lanigan and the boy were missing. When a soldier's company returns without him after a victorious battle, it means that he had been killed, sonny. These two had not been seen since the day before.

As he talked of them in low tones, numbering them with other loved ones among the dead, a bent figure came staggering into the light of the campfire beneath some heavy burden, followed by a weary, drooping dog. Advancing, undetermined, he laid his burden down upon the ground in our midst.

"It's Oirish," whispered Cunningham with a sob, "is he dead, Lanigan?"

The Irishman looked at him blankly.

"He was shot in the head. 'Twill be a wondher if he recovers," he answered, miserably. "Hilp me take him to the hospital, bhoys."

"Leave go, Lanigan, old man," said Cunningham, gently, as the big man stooped to resume his load. "You are tired now; we can carry him for you."

"Thank ye, Cunny," he replied, "Oi am tired. Oi hov carried the poor bhoys six moiles already."

Lifting him gently from the ground we carried him to one of the improvised hospitals. Luckily, a surgeon examined him immediately on his arrival.

"A pretty bad wound," said the surgeon; "he was hit in the head, but luckily for him the ball glanced a little. He should be out in a few weeks. He has youth and strength to withstand the shock."

"Thin ye don't think it's serious, docthor," inquired Lanigan, greatly relieved.

"No. He should recover quickly."

"Thank God for thot."

Returning to camp, we gave Lanigan a bite or two of our rations, for he was hungry as a wolf. When he had gulped them down, Cunny looked at him curiously.

"Well, Lanigan, tell us how it happened. Where have you been?"

The Irishman lit his pipe and took a few puffs before replying.

"Yistherday mor-r-ning Oirish and mesilf wint a thrifle too far in wan of the charges an' the inimy captured us."

"So that was it?" asked Cunny. "How did you ever manage to escape, with Oirish wounded as he is?"

"Oi never would hov escaped except for Oirish," replied Lanigan. "It was in wiggling away that we were foired upon and the lad wounded. And Oi'll bet that Yankee gin'r'al niver in his blissed loife caught such a tarthar as our Little Oirish. He is a genuine Tip, or me name is not Lanigan."

"What do you mean?"

Lanigan laughed gleefully at the recollection.

"Whin they caught us the soize of the bhoys imprissed them, and they regarded us with great curiosity. Their ginral rode by and observed the la-a-d as they were taking us to the rear.

"Phwat is thot brat doing here?" asked the gin'r'al.

"A prisoner, sir," answered our guard, saluting.

"The gin'r'al laughed and had Oirish stand out befoir him. Just thin a whole big battillery of guns come rumbling along. Ye never saw so many guns in your loife. The gin'r'al looked at the bhoys, and thin pointed to the guns.

"La-a-d," he said to Oirish, "do ye think ye rebels kin iwer whip the North with her gr-reat guns. Did ye iver see anything loike thim in all your loife?"

"The litttle devil looked over the battery an' smoiled beautiful an' innocent-loike, as he always does whin the mischief is popping out of him. Thin he says to the gin'r'al, says he: 'Shure, sor, an' nearly all of our guns ar-re justh loike thim. They all hov U. S. stamped on thim the same as thim.'

"Well, shure to God, Cunny, Oi came near bursting with laughter. The gin'r'al must hov filt almost the same, for his mug turned red as a bate. Thin he patted the bhoys on the head.

"'Well said, me litttle mon,' he told the la-a-d, 'and if ye ar-re as big a devil with the gun as ye ar-re with your tongue, Oi am shure glad we hov captuhred the loikes of ye!'"

We laughed heartily at Lanigan's story.

"How on earth did you ever escape?" asked Cunny.

"Whin they took us to the rear, the la-a-d seemed to be thinking and thinking. Foinally they rounded us up with a boonch of other prisoners around a big foire, as it was darker than pitch, and took down our names and the rigimint to which we belonged. Whin the officers got to the other soide of the foire from us, the la-a-d noticed that they could not see us at all, and thot we could edge off out of the loight of the foire and hov a chance to escape. So whilst the officers was busy with their wor-rk, niver dreaming anyone would escape, Oirish tapped me on the shoulder and motioned me to slip back out of the foire light, which we did—an' no one observing us at all.

"If they march thim off without counting thim over agin, we are safe," says Oirish to me.

As luck would hov it, that is exactly what they did—wint marching off niver obsarving us at all. Even thin, however, I didn't think we could wiggle though their loines, but we did do it aisy until we came to the outer senthrries. The place where we tried was in a wood. The sinthry had a keen ear for noises, an' if even so much as a twig cracked ben'ath our feet, the brute would stop an' cock his head to wan soide, listening. He kitp his gun cocked all the toime—we heard him pull the hammer back. Whin we wor-ruk up to wan ind of his bate, he was off at the ither. If we thried to cross in front of him, he would hear us an' opin foire, so we waited to see phwat we moight do by way of nabbing him as he came by. All of a suddint, we heard a voice on the ither soide of us, saying: 'Halt! Who goes there?' It was the sinthry next to ours, halting the officer of the guard. It was plain they were changing the sinthries.

"Lit's fall in with the relafe squad," whispered Oirish to me.

"It hadn't occurred to me before, but the idea was nivertheless a good wan. So, as they passed us in the blackness of the noight, we fell in behoind thim. No wan obsarved us but the new sinthry as we passed him, an' he, of course, thought we belonged to the guard. Afther going a piece, we stood stock still in our thracks and let thim go on. Whin they were a few paces away, we slipped out of the loines into the darkness. All would hov been well but for our bit of bad luck. For, as we climbed a fence, Oirish joomped off it ploompt into the belly of a dhom hog. The crayther squaled loike all the powers of evil had twisted his tail. The sinthries were alarmed by the uproar and foired several shots in our direction. Wan of these bullets hit poor Little Oirish an' he fell loike a log. But, luckily enough, wan of them also struck the hog sinding him squalling into the noight. The sinthries laughed as they heard him.

"'Tis only a dhom pig," Oi heard wan of thim say.

"Listen to the br-ru-te," said anither.

"They were relaved to foind it was not a night attack, an'

Confederate Veteran.

wint on about their business, laying me alone with the bhoy." Lanigan paused here and wiped the sweat from his brow.

"It was terrible wandering in the woods with him. I got losth' an' this morn-ing Oi found Oi had come out the wrong soide. There was a whole corps of the inimy betwixt mesilf an' me fri'nds. Oi would never hov escaped had they not given way an' left me path clear about three o'clock. Just whin Oi thought Oi was through and everything breaking justh roight, Oi heard the clatter of horses an', looking up, found mesilf in the hands of a troop of Yankee cavalry. Oi gave up all hope an' threw mesilf on the bank by the road to lightene my burden. Oi noticed the major and captain in command of the troop seemed to be looking at me sorry-loike, so Oi sa-ays sort to mesilf, but loud enough for them to hear:

"O, Lord, is there no hilp for me littlhe son."

"From the tail of me eye Oi noticed the two officers look at each other quickly.

"Phwat did ye sa-ay, me good mon," asked the major, roiding up close to me.

"O, Lord is there no hilp for me littlhe son," Oi wails to mesilf as though not hearing him.

"He turned to the captain an' sa-ays: 'An' did ye ever hear such a sentiment imitating from such a ma-an?'

"Niver," agrees the captain, "an' in such a brogue."

"The major turned agin to me.

"Look at me, me good mon," he ordered, "an' quit your infernal mumbling."

"Yis, sor," Oi answered an' looked at him.

"Which direction do ye coom from?" he asked, looking at me hard.

"From the wist," Oi answered.

"An' where ar-re ye going?" he continued, his eyes lighting up an' boring through me.

"Over there," Oi replies, pointing to our lines.

"Toward those burning buildings," he says, looking the way Oi pointed an' getting all excited.

"Yis, sor," Oi replies, seeing it pleased him.

"Phwat are ye seeking," he asked, quick as a flash an' still boring me with his eyes.

"Intilligence—to sa-ave the bhoy," Oi told him.

"Can you bate it," he asks, turning to the captain. "Intilligence, phwat is ut but mintal loight?"

"It's wonderful," agreed the captain, "he's a mighty shrewd duck, an' don't give anythng away; just hints around about it."

"They were both terribly excited. Oi might hov known they were crazy as loons, but somehow it niver popped into me head until the captain leaned over the major's saddle and winking at me solemn as an owl, asked me: "How ould would your grandmother be if she were alive?"

"War hundred an' fifty years," Oi replied, just to humor him.

"An' where did she live?" he kept on.

"Mimphis," Oi lied, not wishing to implicate me native bog.

"Well, sir, Cunny, ye wouldn't hov dreamed ut, but that lunatic captain fell back into his saddle and said: 'It's a fact, Major, Oi've been there, mesilf, an' Oi know every word of ut to be threue. Let's turn him loose.'

"As you say," replied the major, an' bhlamed if they didn't wish me the bist of luck and roide away. Crazy as loons they were an' full of gibberish."

As Lanigan concluded, we who were members of the order to which the captain and major had so evidently belonged, laughed merrily at the Irishman's bewilderment.

"They weren't crazy, Lanigan," Cunny explained, "they were simply trying to pump you, in an apocryphal manner, to see if you were a seeker of light; and in the confusion you fooled them."

It was several weeks before Little Oirish was among us again. When he did come he seemed like another person altogether, sonny. The mere deviltry that had made him a general favorite was now lacking. He sat by himself or with Lanigan and said never a word unless spoken to. The prayers, which at first had been such a nuisance to him, were now his favorite means of passing the time. He would often remain at his devotions for hours. On the long marches we would hear him repeating various hymns as he toiled wearily along the rough roads. God, how it made our hearts ache to see him that way. We wanted our little boy back again.

At mess one night, after an unusually exhausting march, he was missing. Feverish with anxiety, Lanigan searched for him in the moonlight. Exhausted at length by fruitless searches, he sat down. As he mopped the perspiration from his face, Old Frank came up in front of him.

"Phwat do ye want, ye br-rute," growled Lanigan, for he never liked the dog.

Old Frank looked at him, then turned and walked a few steps and looked back.

"Phwat is ut?" asked Lanigan, his cuiosity aroused by the behavior of the pointer.

"He wants you to follow him," said Cunny, who was watching them; "that's the way all dogs do, in the first reader, when they want anyone to follow them."

"Phwat does he know of the first reader?" complained Lanigan in disgust; "and, besides, phy should Oi follow him walking me legs off, even if he knows ut all by heart."

"Little Oirish"—suggested Cunny.

"Dhom! Ye ar-re roight," yelled Lanigan, springing to his feet. "The br-rute wants to show me where to foind the bhoy."

About ten o'clock he found the lad in a fence corner, sleeping very peacefully on a pile of fence rails. Lanigan shook him gently.

"Wake up, Oirish, la-ad. Phwat possissted ye to coom way off here by yourself an' shlage on the bhlame rails, anyway?"

"Leave me alone," complained Oirish, crossly, "twas the only comfortable bed I could find."

"Thot bid comfortable," exclaimed Lanigan in amazement. "Phwy, bhoy, it's cutting into you like a knoife. Your back is blue from ut."

"I don't care," said Oirish, "it's the only way I can sleep."

"Thin pad thim over with the blankets a littlhe," urged Lanigan.

"No, I want to sleep just as I am."

Thus he remained obdurate, despite all persuasion. The faithful Irishman remained with him through the night. Next morning when they came to mess, Lanigan wore a worried look.

"Oi belave the poor bhoy is going wrong in his head, Cunny," he confided to Cunningham, after relating the happenings of the night. "He niver has acted roight since he got thot bullet in his head."

Cunningham laid his arm affectionately over the big man's shoulder.

"God will take care of the lad, Lanigan," he said soberly. "Whatever is best—it will be done for him."

Lanigan drew a long breath that was like a sob.

"Twould be better, Cunny," he whispered, "for the la-ad to be killed in battele than to becoom a lunatic."

"That is liable to happen, Lanigan," Cunny told him "and I feel that you are right about it. The boy is too dear to this army for us to think of him as demented. If he went where so many of our boys have gone, we could feel that there was a fitness in his taking off. He is a soldier, and for him it would be the better way."

"Yis, Cunny, ye ar-re roight," Lanigan agreed, "but Oi only hope that whin his toime cooms, the Lor-rd will take Lanigan, too. Oi'm getting ould, Cunny, an' Little Oirish was all Oi had to live for. Phwy, mon, ye don't know phwat gr-eat things Oi've planned for the bhoj whin the war is over. 'Twould hov given the ould mon something to do whin paice cooms."

"He may get over it, though," urged Cunny; "I wouldn't worry about it if I were you."

"Oi fear not, Cunny," mourned Lanigan.

They were silent a moment. Then Lanigan's rough hand stole gently over to touch Cunny's shoulder.

"Wan more thing, Cunny," he began.

"And what is that?" asked Cunny.

"Thot dog, Cunny, he's no ordinary hound. Oi would niver hov found the bhoj but for him. Ye niver saw such a look in living eyes as he gave me whin we found the bhoj, Cunny. First he looked at Little Oirish, thin up at me as much as to sa-ay: 'It's the two of us, his fri'nds, must look afther him now.' Oi couldn't hilp it, Cunny. Oi just knilt an' gathered him up in ma ar-rms an' kissthed him. Forget ut, Cunny; all the mean things Oi hov said an' done to Ould Frank."

Lanigan's worst fears concerning the boy seemed to be realized. Oirish grew slowly worse. He would walk for miles, even after a long march, to find rails to sleep on. Lanigan aided him in every way and watched over him like a mother over her child. His face grew grave and preoccupied as he watched the triumph of the Grim Destroyer over the little boy. Ah, sonny, the infinite tenderness of that rough soldier became the wonder of the army. Sometimes, on the weary marches, he carried the boy even when his own muscles ached from exhaustion. At night he slept beside him. Old Frank slept at their feet.

One evening the three of them sat on the brow of a hill gazing at the sunset, just such a sunset as that over there, all clouds and gorgeous color.

"Don't the clouds look like the hosts of angels that Father Ryan says are fighting our battles for us?" asked Oirish, a dreamy and far-away look in his eyes.

"They do, indade, bhoj," agreed Lanigan, to whom the comparison nevertheless seemed far-fetched.

"Somehow I feel like they are stretching out their arms for me to come on and go with them" continued the boy softly.

"Don't!" exclaimed Lanigan, a sharp pain at his heart.

The boy looked at him wonderingly. Old Frank, roused by the note of pain, rose and whimpered in sympathy.

"That is the way I feel," maintained Oirish, "just like they were looking at me and calling me to come on."

Lanigan grew very sad.

"'Tis a premonition," he told me; "the lad will soon be gone from this earth."

That night, I noticed, they prayed longer and more earnestly than usual. Lanigan regarded those devotions as a confession in the presence of death, for he felt certain that the end was near. You know how superstitious soldiers are about premonitions, sonny? Lanigan never doubted the infallibility of the warning. Long after Oirish had fallen asleep, the big Irishman threw aside his blankets and knelt beside him. Tenderly as a woman he kissed the sleeping boy; then,

with clasped hands, remained long in murmured prayer. He was praying to die with Little Oirish. And He who holds the world within the hollow of His hand must have heard and been pleased.

In the great battle that we fought next day it came about even as he had feared and even as he had prayed. At the very top of a certain breastwork were scattered piles of loose rails. When the battle was over, we found them lying there. There were hot tears shed by brave, strong men, sonny, as we buried those two. Into that grave we lowered the heart of the Orphan Brigade. Father Ryan, choking back his tears, pronounced the rites of the Church. When he had ceased, some one started tenderly to lift Little Oirish from the pile of rails on which he lay. With reverent gesture the priest restrained him.

"Comrade," he said, his fine eyes shining with unshed tears, "bury him just as he is. God has made his bed for him so he will rest easy till the Bugler sounds the Reveille."

* * *

The young recruit, in his khaki, gazed at the splendid face of the old man lit with its memories from the past.

"What became of Old Frank, Professor," he ventured after a bit.

"The day we buried Lanigan and Little Oirish," the old man replied, "the dog disappeared. Two days later, while foraging near the battle field we passed by the grave and found Old Frank lying there upon the mound of earth above his little friend. He had been dead some time. There wasn't a mark on him, just plain broken heart, sonny. His head was resting upon his paws, his eyes straining into the infinite as though his very life had marched out through them to follow Little Oirish along that rough pathway to the stars."

The old veteran rose and placed his hands upon the boy's shoulders.

"Sonny," he said, almost fiercely, in his earnestness, "out of the caldron of hate that we call war comes undying love, the comrade of those who battle together for the cause. Your father was my comrade during those four long years. We who fought then for the liberty of a section now see you marching away to war again—for liberty. It was not given then, in the old Confederate days, to behold the grander vision, the glistening bayonets of the world's democracies leagued to the death against despotism. But I am glad, and were your father living, he, too, would rejoice to see you marching side by side with the sons of our one-time enemies—not as mere allies (as it might have been), but as Americans—to battle for a liberty as far-flung as the heart beats of man."

With a common impulse they clasped hands and looked deeply into each other's eyes. Then, arm in arm, they walked slowly back to town—sixty-one and seventeen—comrades.



Confederate Veteran.

THE VIRGINIA AND THE MONITOR.

BY LAMAR HOLLYDAY, PIKESVILLE, MD.

An extract from a newspaper account of the Confederate war vessel, Merrimac, or Virginia, as she was renamed by the Confederate authorities, reads as follows: "How the Merrimac defeated the United States frigate Congress and Cumberland, with a loss of two hundred and twenty men, and how on the next day the strange little cheese box Monitor sent the armored Merrimac back to Norfolk so badly crippled that it was not again heard of during the Civil War is history which every schoolboy and girl is furnished."

It seems strange that Northern writers, with the records they have at their disposal, continue to put forth this glaring inaccuracy, which the records of both the Confederate and Federal governments disprove.

The truth is the Merrimac was somewhat disabled and its commander wounded in ramming the Congress the day before her fight with the Monitor, though that did not prevent her from fighting the Monitor as long as that vessel remained in water deep enough for the Merrimac to reach her. The latter vessel did not return to Norfolk until after the Monitor retired to shallow water, where it was impossible for the Merrimac to reach her.

It is true that the Merrimac did return to Norfolk, but she appeared again in Hampton Roads several times after that, and each time she came out the Federal vessels retired before her. The following extracts from Confederate and Federal reports, published by the U. S. Government in the official records, will prove this fact.

Report of I. G. Van Brunt, Captain Commanding U. S. S. Minnesota: "By the time she (the Merrimac) had fired her third shell, the little Monitor had come down upon her, placing herself between us, and compelled her (the Merrimac) to change her position, in doing which she grounded. As soon as she got off, she stood down the bay, the little battery chasing her with all speed, when suddenly the Merrimac turned around and ran full speed into her antagonist. For a moment I was anxious, but instantly I saw a shot plunge into the iron roof of the Merrimac, which surely must have damaged her. For some time after the rebels concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot house of the Monitor, and soon after the latter stood down for Fortress Monroe, and I thought it probable she had exhausted her supply of ammunition, or sustained some injury. Soon after the Merrimac and the two other steamers headed for my ship. On ascending the poop deck, I observed that the enemy's vessels had changed their course and were heading for Craney Island."

Assistant Secretary G. V. Fox wired Hon. G. Wells, Secretary of the Navy: "Nearly all here are of the opinion that the Merrimac is disabled. I was the nearest person to her outside of the Monitor, and I am of the opinion she is not seriously injured."

Admiral Buchanan, of the C. S. Navy, commanded the Merrimac on her first day's fight, was badly wounded, and was succeeded by Lieut. Catesby Jones. The following is an extract from the report of Lieutenant Jones of March 27, 1862: "At daylight on the 9th we saw that the Minnesota was still ashore and that there was an iron battery near her. At eight o'clock we ran down to engage them (having previously sent the killed and wounded out of the ship), firing at the Minnesota and occasionally at the iron battery. We ran ashore about a mile from the frigate and were backing fifteen minutes before we got off. We continued to fire at the Minnesota, and blew up a steamer alongside of her, and also

engaged the Monitor, sometimes at very close quarters. We once succeeded in running into her, and twice silenced her fire. The pilots declaring we could get no nearer the Minnesota, and believing her to be entirely disabled, and the Monitor having run into shoal water, which prevented our doing her any further injury, we ceased firing at twelve o'clock and proceeded to Norfolk."

Lieutenant Jones also wrote Lieutenant Davidson, C. S. N., under date of August 20, 1862: "The action lasted near four hours. We had run into the Monitor, causing us to leak, and had received a shot from her, which came near disabling the machinery, but continued to fight her until she was driven into shoal water."

Lieutenant Davidson, C. S. N., says in a letter to Lieutenant Jones, under date of October 25, 1862: "Whilst this novel warfare was going on, the Virginia was run aground by the pilots, and remained so for about three-quarters of an hour. I think it was during the grounding of the Virginia (Merrimac) that the Monitor received her *coup de grace*, and hauled off on the shoals, out of reach of our guns, and gave us the opportunity to fire about eleven shells from my big bow gun at the Minnesota." When the Virginia was floated again, I was informed that the pilots declared that it was impossible for me to get nearer the Minnesota. This circumstance, and in consideration also that the Monitor was drawn off and sought safety in shoal water, and that the Minnesota was crippled beyond the hope of safety, induced you, by the advice of the lieutenants whom you consulted, to return to Norfolk."

Lieutenant Simms, C. S. N., in a letter to Lieutenant Jones, C. S. N., dated December 6, 1862: "The ship had been aground a considerable distance from the Minnesota, and, a short time after she floated, the Monitor ran into shoal water and ceased firing, . . . and as there was nothing for us to fight, the Monitor having gotten out of our reach, and the Minnesota being in a position (according to the pilots) where we could not get at her, was a sufficient reason in my opinion for ceasing firing."

On March 10, 1862, Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy, wired Assistant Secretary G. V. Fox: "It is directed by the President that the Monitor be not too much exposed; that in no event shall any attempt be made to proceed to Norfolk."

On March 13, 1862, Hon. Gideon Wells wrote Hon. S. M. Stanton, Secretary of War: "I have the honor to suggest that this department can easily obstruct the channel to Norfolk, so as to prevent the exit of the Merrimac, provided the army will carry the Sewell's Point batteries, in which duty the navy will give great assistance."

The following extract from the Secretary of the Navy to Flag Officer Goldsborough, U. S. N., in a letter dated March 15, 1862, says: "Still, if the channel can be closed, it should be done, as that is the only certain means of guarding against this formidable vessel, except by capture of Norfolk, which, if the army were disposed, I think the most desirable and effective movement."

More quotations could be taken from official reports, but the extracts given show conclusively,

1. That the Monitor retired before the Merrimac into shallow water, where she could not be reached by the former.
2. That the Merrimac was not destroyed; on the contrary, the Federal government was greatly alarmed, fearing she would come out again, and gave orders not to allow the Monitor to seek her.

The Merrimac made her second appearance April 11, 1862, over a month after her fight with the Monitor, and, although additional vessels had been added to the Federal fleet, in-

cluding another ironclad, there was no effort made to attack her. This is proved by official reports, now quoted from.

Under date of April 12, 1862, Flag Officer Goldsborough, U. S. N., sent Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy, the following report: "The Merrimac and consorts all made their appearance yesterday morning and remained between Sewell's Point and Newport News, out of gunshot from Fort Monroe and the Rip Raps, until late in the afternoon, when they returned to their anchorage off Craney Island. Among the hundreds of sailing vessels congregated here, several had anchored, contrary to my advice repeatedly and formally urged upon the proper authorities on shore, in an exposed position well toward Newport News, and *three of them were captured by the enemy's vessels.*"

Report of Major General Wool to Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, April 11, 1862: "The Merrimac came out and planted herself between Newport News and Sewell's Point, with the Yorktown and Jamestown, and several gun-boats and tugs; the tugs came down as far as Bates's Dock and *carried off three small vessels, empty.*" At 5 P.M., of the above date, General Wool again reports that the Merrimac came down toward the Monitor and Stevens. The latter fired four or five rounds and the Merrimac one round, when she, with her consorts, returned to Craney Island."

Report of Mr. Fulton to Secretary of War: "About seven o'clock, a signal from the Minnesota turned all eyes toward Sewell's Point, and coming out from under the land, almost obscured by a dim haze, the Merrimac was seen, followed by the Yorktown, Jamestown, and four smaller vessels, altogether seven in number. At 8:30. For the last hour the maneuvers of the rebel fleet have apparently been directed toward decoying our fleet up toward Sewell's Point. When the Merrimac first appeared, she stood directly across the mouth of Elizabeth River, followed her escorts as if they were bound for Newport News. The Merrimac approached the English sloop of war, and after apparently communicating with her, fell slowly and moved back toward her consorts in rear. The French and English vessels then moved up as if they had been informed that the lower roads were to be the scene of conflict, and they had been warned out of range. For an hour the rebel fleet kept changing position without making any decided advance in any direction. *On our part no movement was made, the Monitor, with steam up and in fighting trim, lay quietly near her usual anchorage.* The Nangatuck (Stevens's battery) came out and took position alongside the Monitor. Signals were exchanged between our vessels, the fort, and Rip Raps, *but no movement was made.* At length the Yorktown moved rapidly up and, after advancing well toward Newport News, steamed rapidly toward Hampton. The object was then seen to be the capture of three sailing vessels, two barges and a schooner, transports, which were either aground or had not been furnished with a tug in order to make their escape. The bold impudence of maneuvering continued; *the apparent apathy of our fleet excited surprise and indignation.* There was a rebel boat, not built for war purposes, having the protection of the Merrimac and her consorts, where it appeared to impartial eyes she could easily be cut off and yet *no attempt on our part to do it.*"

I could give many more extracts from Federal as well as Confederate reports to prove that the Merrimac came out and offered battle, which was not accepted by the Federal vessels, but will close this second appearance with the following extract from the report of Commander N. W. Hewett, V. C., Royal Navy, commanding H. M. S. Binalds: "Early on the morning of the 11th, the Confederate ironclad Virginia, accompanied by four gunboats and two tugs, was seen ap-

proaching from the direction of Norfolk. . . . The Virginia and her consorts continued steaming for Fortress Monroe, but when abreast of Sewell's Point, well out in the stream, the gunboats and tugs stopped and the Virginia proceeded as before. . . . At 9 A.M. the Confederate gunboat Teaser captured three transports *close on the Federal side without being interferred with,* and towed them to Norfolk. From this hour until 4 P.M. the Confederate squadron cruised about the Roads *without opposition,* the Virginia occasionally going within range of the Federal guns on the Rip Raps and Fortress Monroe, as well as those of the large squadron under the guns of the fortress."

During all the day of the Virginia's second appearance, the Federal fleet, although greatly outnumbering the Confederates in vessels and men and with more than eight or ten times the number of guns, failed to attack them. It is well to note that the Merrimac, drawing twenty-four to twenty-five feet, was necessarily compelled to keep in deep water where there was room for her to maneuver.

On May 8, 1862, the Merrimac made her third appearance in Hampton Roads. The following extracts from official reports give the particulars of the movements of the opposing forces on that day, and it will be seen that the Federal fleet, instead of giving battle, retired as the Merrimac approached.

Flag Officer Goldsborough, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, under date of May 9, 1862, says: "Also by direction of the President, our vessels shelled Sewell's Point yesterday mainly with the view of ascertaining the practicability of landing a body of troops thereabouts. The Merrimac came out, but was even more cautious than ever."

"The Monitor was kept well in advance, so that the Merrimac could have engaged her without difficulty had she been so disposed."

Flag Officer Goldsborough does not say why the Monitor or any of his fleet did not attack the Merrimac.

Lieutenant Constable, commanding U. S. S. Nangatuck (an ironclad), under date of May 9, 1862: "I have the honor to report that I received orders yesterday morning from Flag Officer Goldsborough to proceed with the vessel under my command, in company with a squadron composed of the steamers Susquehanna, San Jacinto, Dacotah, Seminole, and Monitor, for the purpose of shelling Sewell's Point battery. My individual orders from the Flag Officer were to take a position referred to and engage the battery. . . . I proceeded with the vessel under my command toward the place of action. . . . I selected a position off the battery of the enemy within a distance varying from three-quarters of a mile to a mile and a quarter from which I threw shells into the enemy's battery with good effect until the Merrimac made her appearance, coming out of Elizabeth River with the rest of the squadron, led by the flagship, *we slowly retired toward Hampton Bar.*"

Abstract log of the S. S. Minnesota May 8, 1862: "At 1:30 the Monitor went close into the battery. At 2:15 the fleet began to draw off, and the Merrimac appeared coming out, around Sewell's Point."

Abstract log of the U. S. S. Susquehanna, May 9, 1862: "At 12 M. beat to quarters and cleared the ship for action and stood toward Sewell's Point in company with San Jacinto, Dacotah, Seminole, Monitor, and E. A. Stevens (ironclad); . . . at 3 P.M. made signal to 'Follow our motions,' and stood toward Fortress Monroe. *The rebel steamer Merrimac standing down from Craney Island toward us.* Flag ship made signal 'Resume your moorings.' At 4:30 Merrimac turned and stood toward Craney Island."

Abstract from report of Flag Officer Tatnall, C. S. Navy,

who commanded the Confederate fleet, and who was aboard the Virginia: "On the 7th inst., Commodore Hollins reached Norfolk with orders from you to consult with me and such officers as I might select in regard to the best disposition to be made of the Virginia under the present aspect of things. We had arranged the conference for the next day, the 8th, but on that day, before the hour appointed, the enemy attacked the Sewell's Point battery, and I left immediately with the Virginia to defend it. We found six of the enemy's vessels, including the ironclad steamer Monitor and Nangatuck, shelling the battery. We passed the battery and stood directly for the enemy, for the purpose of engaging him, and I thought an action certain, particularly as the Minnesota and Vanderbilt, which were anchored below Fortress Monroe, got under way and stood up to that point with the intention of joining their squadron in the Roads. Before, however, we got within gunshot the enemy ceased firing and, *retired with all speed under the protection of the Fortress, followed by the Virginia until the sheets from the Rip Raps passed over her.* The Virginia was then placed at her moorings near Sewell's Point, and I returned to Norfolk to hold the conference referred to."

The British ship Rinalds was in Hampton Roads during this time, and her commander gave the following account of this second appearance of the Merrimac: "The same morning (May 8) a Federal squadron, consisting of the Dacotah and Oneida screw sloops of 6 guns each, San Jacinto, screw, 11 guns, Susquehanna paddle sloop, 15 guns, Monitor and Nangatuck, iron-cased batteries, moved up the river toward Sewell's Point and commenced shelling the Confederate battery on that point, at very long range. The Federal squadron continued firing up to 2:30 P.M. without intermission. The Monitor was at this time about 1,800 yards from Sewell's Point. She was then observed to be coming back again toward the rest of the squadron, which was some 4,000 yards from the point. The smoke of a steamer could be seen rising above the trees and moving along toward Hampton Roads from the direction of Norfolk. At 3 P.M., the Confederate ironclad battery Virginia rounded Sewell's Point, and *the whole Federal squadron steamed down quickly under the guns of the fortress.* As the Virginia alone came within range of their guns, and those of Fort Wool on the Rip Raps, the Federal frigate Minnesota, accompanied by four large steamers, which are intended to act as rams, proceeded up the river abreast of Old Point and joined the rest of the squadron. With the exception of a few shots fired from the Rip Raps at the Virginia, the Federals made no attempt to molest her, but, on the contrary, as she approached them they steamed away from her. She would most likely have made her appearance before had the water been sufficiently high. The Virginia, having driven the Federal fleet away, returned and anchored under Sewell's Point, where she remained."

Federal reports show that the Virginia remained in sight all the 9th and 10th of May and that no effort was made to attack her. On the morning of the 11th of May, two months after it is claimed by Northern writers that she was destroyed by the Monitor, she was blown up by her own people after Norfolk was evacuated. The account and cause of her being blown up is best told in the report of Flag Officer Tatnall, her commander, who, after giving an account of his conference in Norfolk on May 9, says: "The opinion was unanimous that the Virginia was then employed to the best advantage, and that she could continue for the present to protect Norfolk, and thus afford time to remove public property. On the next day at 10 A.M., we observed from the Virginia that the flag was not flying on Sewell's Point battery and that it

appeared to have been abandoned. I dispatched Lieut. J. P. Jones, the Flag Lieutenant, to Craney Island, where the Confederate flag was still flying, and he then learned that a large force of the enemy had landed in the bay shore and was marching rapidly on Norfolk, that the Sewell's Point battery was abandoned, and our troops were retreating. I then dispatched the same officer to Norfolk to confer with General Huger and Captain Lee. He found the navy yard in flames, and that all the officers had left by railroad. On reaching Norfolk, he found that General Huger and all other officers of the army had also left, that the enemy were within half a mile of the city, and that the mayor was treating for its surrender. On returning to the ship, he found that Craney Island and all other batteries on the river had been abandoned. It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and this unexpected information rendered prompt measures necessary for the safety of the Virginia. The pilots had assured me that they could take the ship, with a draft of eighteen feet, to within forty miles of Richmond. This the chief pilot, Mr. Parrish, and his assistant, Mr. Wright, had asserted again and again, and on the afternoon of the 7th, in my cabin, in the presence of Commodore Hollins and Captain Sterrett, in reply to a question of mine, they both declared their ability to do so. Confiding in their assurance, and after consulting with the first and flag lieutenants and learning that the officers generally thought it the most judicious course, I determined to lighten the ship at once and run up the river for the protection of Richmond. All hands having been called on deck, I stated to them the condition of things, and my hope that by getting up the river before the enemy could be made aware of our design, we might capture his vessels, which had ascended it, and render efficient aid in the defense of Richmond; but to effect this would require all their energy in lightening the ship. They replied with three cheers and went to work at once. The pilots were on deck and heard this address to the crew. Being quite unwell, I retired to bed. Between one and two o'clock in the morning, the first lieutenant reported to me that, after the crew had worked for five or six hours and lifted the ship so as to render her unfit for action, the pilots had declared their inability to carry eighteen feet above the Jamestown Flats, up to which point the shore on each side was occupied by the enemy. On demanding from the chief pilot, Mr. Parrish, an explanation of this palpable deception, he replied that eighteen feet could be carried after the prevalence of easterly winds, but that the winds for the last two days had been westerly. I had no time to lose. The ship was not in condition for battle, even with an enemy of equal force, and their force was overwhelming. I therefore determined, with the concurrence of the first and flag lieutenants, to save the crew for future service by landing them at Craney Island, the only road for retreat open to us, and to destroy the ship to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. I may add that, although not formally consulted, the course was approved by every commissioned officer in the ship. There is no dissenting opinion. The ship was accordingly put on shore, as near the mainland in the vicinity of Craney Island as possible, and the crew landed. She was then fired, and after burning fiercely fore and aft for upward of an hour blew up a little before five o'clock on the morning of the 11th. The Virginia no longer exists, but three hundred brave and skillful officers and seamen are saved to the Confederacy."

It is not the desire of the Confederates to keep alive ill feeling, but we do ask that the truth be told.

WITH JACKSON IN THE VALLEY.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

When the campaign of the Army of Northern Virginia opened during the last days of April, 1863, Brig. Gen. Robert E. Rodes, as senior brigadier general, was in command of the division previously commanded by Maj. Gen. Daniel H. Hill, the latter having been transferred to another military district.

Rodes's Division was one of the three led by Lieut. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson during the dark hours of the early morning of May, 1863, to reinforce Anderson and McLaw, whose divisions were confronting and combatting Hooker's great aggregation of troops near Tabernacle Church. The latter had effected a lodgment and were entrenched in the vicinity of Chancellorsville. Their position placed them on the left flank and rear of the Confederate position in front of Fredericksburg. Rodes's Division was the leading one in the column, and part of it participated in the vigorous assault made on Hooker's advanced line on the evening of May 1 which forced the enemy within his entrenched position.

It was also the leading division next day, May 2, when Jackson marched his column of 25,000 hungry Confederate soldiers across the front of Hooker's great entrenched collection of 90,000 well-equipped, well-fed, and well-clothed troops, by tortuous, rarely used, and difficult roads, through the dense forests by which Hooker's position was surrounded. Fourteen miles of this rugged marching brought the head of the column to its goal, fronting Hooker's right flank and rear. When the column of attack was formed, Rodes's Division was still in the lead, and by its boldness, dash, and energy, Hooker's right flank, consisting of the Eleventh Federal Corps, was crushed and scattered, and the way was paved for the brilliant, though bloody, victory which followed on May 3.

By his energy, military skill, and courage in this movement and assault, Rodes won the admiration of the great American strategist, Stonewall Jackson, and, though the latter received his death wound on the night of May 2, before his death, eight days later, he recommended and urged the promotion of Rodes to receive the rank of major general, and added a request that his commission should bear date of May 2, 1863, all of which was done. This was a rare distinction for Rodes, as it was the last request that Jackson ever made of the Confederate authorities.

On June 4, 1863, Rodes's Division, one of the three divisions constituting the Second (Ewell's) Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, moved from the vicinity of Hamilton's Crossing, below Fredericksburg, toward Culpeper, reaching the latter point on the 7th. Early on the morning of the 9th, the booming of cannon in the direction of Fleetwood and Brandy Station, eight or ten miles distant, announced the opening of the great cavalry battle between Stuart's Confederate cavalry and the Federal cavalry supported by several regiments of infantry. The continued roar of hostile guns indicated the severity of the contest and caused Rodes to anticipate an order from Lieut. General Ewell; and he proceeded to the support of Stuart, reaching the hard-fought and bloody field in time to see the rear of the defeated enemy retreating across the Rappahannock.

On the evening of June 10, Rodes's Division, with the divisions of Early and Johnson, the other two divisions of Ewell's Corps, resumed its march westerly, along obscure and exceedingly rough roads, by way of Newby's Crossroads and Flint Hill. This route was followed to conceal the

moving troops from the enemy. On June 12 Rodes's Division preceded the divisions of Early and Johnson, and crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains through Chester Gap, passed through Front Royal, forded both forks of the Shenandoah River, and halted a few hours at Cedarville.

During the halt at Cedarville, Rodes received orders to take the Berryville road, by the way of Millwood, and to attack and seize Berryville, advance immediately on Martinsburg, and thence proceed to Maryland, there to await orders. This was to be done while Early's and Johnson's divisions reduced Winchester.

Soon after Rodes's division crossed the mountains, it was joined by the cavalry brigade of Brig. Gen. A. G. Jenkins, with about 1,600 men. The division then proceeded toward Millwood by an unfrequented road. To conceal the movement of the infantry, the cavalry was sent by a different road, and part of it was to go to Millwood. After a march of seventeen miles, the division bivouacked near Stone Bridge.

The next day, June 13, the division advanced toward Berryville, but before reaching Millwood, the advance of the infantry was discovered by Federal cavalry, coming up from Berry's Ferry, apparently moving toward Berryville. The Confederate cavalry ordered to Millwood failed to occupy that place the night before, which, if it had been done, would have prevented the discovery of the infantry. Having been discovered, it necessitated that the infantry press forward rapidly through Millwood to Berryville. At the latter place, Jenkins was found held at bay by the Federal artillery after driving in the cavalry.

It was soon discovered that the garrison was preparing to evacuate the position. Jenkins's cavalry moved to the left of the town to cut off the retreat to Winchester. Four of the infantry brigades moved, two each, to the right and left of the town, to unite in the rear, in an effort to surround it. One brigade was left to fill the gap. While these movements were being executed under cover, and before their execution had made much progress, it was discovered that the Federal garrison was already retreating. Colonel O'Neal, in command of Rodes's Alabama Brigade, pushed rapidly forward upon the town, closely followed by Reese's battery (Jeff Davis Artillery).

On reaching the camp of the enemy, it was easy to see that the infantry had retreated sometime previously, leaving their tents, a few stores, etc. The cavalry and artillery had been left to detain the Confederate cavalry. The infantry had retreated toward Charlestown without being discovered by Jenkins's cavalry.

The approaches to the town were well provided with rifle pits and earth-works, and, with an adequate force, were prepared to make strong defense. The force occupying the position consisted of two small regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and a battery of rifled guns, about 1,800 men, under the command of Col. A. T. McReynolds. It was too small to admit of successful defense against Rodes's Division. No losses occurred to the Confederate forces, as but few rounds of artillery were fired by the enemy after the arrival of Rodes's Division.

The Confederates secured a few valuable quartermaster's and commissary stores. The great quantity of Yankee beans captured in this camp was a novel sight to the men of the Jeff Davis Artillery. This was a new food to them, or to a majority of them, as few of the men had ever seen such beans before. Every man supplied himself with a quantity of the beans, as they were among the first to enter the camp and had free access to everything in it.

When the company bivouacked that night and fires were lighted, every available kettle ("she-bang," so called by the company) was loaded with beans and placed on the fire. In many cases the efforts of the men to cook them proved dismal failures. These failures were caused by refilling the kettles with cold water after the hot water, first heated, had evaporated. We learned that the chilled beans would not cook soft. Many of the men ate the hard beans, and paid for their temerity in the pains which followed. Fortunately, nothing serious came of this indulgence. After learning the cause of their failure, they were more successful in subsequent efforts.

Rodes's Division soon moved on to Summit Point, on the road to Charlestown, where the retreating enemy turned toward Winchester; and the entire force reached that place and entered the fortifications between 9 and 10 P. M. Milroy's effective force, on June 12, numbered 6,900 men, including the garrison at Berryville, but not the force at Martinsburg. Upon the arrival of McReynolds's force, Milroy's entire command was collected in the Winchester fortifications. Milroy was sure that Lee's entire army had given Hooker the grand dodge, marched five or six days, and was threatening his destruction.

Rodes's Division bivouacked at Summit Point on the night of June 13, after having marched twenty miles, not counting the detours made at Berryville by the four infantry brigades. Sweeny's battalion, of Jenkins's cavalry, overtook the rearguard of the enemy at the Opequon Creek, and gallantly charged it, capturing a piece of artillery, which it could not hold on account of its weakness. Major Sweeny was badly wounded in the charge.

Jenkins's force, during the 13th, in advance of the infantry, vigorously attacked a detachment of Federal cavalry and infantry at Bunker Hill and lost several men, as the Federal forces had barricaded themselves in two stone or brick houses, well provided with loopholes to shoot through. Seventy-five or one hundred prisoners were captured here and the remainder fled toward Martinsburg.

The division pushed on toward Martinsburg as fast as possible, reaching the vicinity of that town late in the afternoon of June 14, after a hot, fatiguing march of nineteen miles. Jenkins's cavalry was found skirmishing with the Federal force, being held in check by the Federal artillery present. The enemy's force was drawn up in line of battle on the right of the town, in the vicinity of the cemetery, and consisted of eight companies of the 126th Ohio Volunteers; eight companies of the 126th New York Volunteers; Capt. Thomas A. Maulsby's Battery of West Virginia artillery, six pieces of 3-inch rifles; one company of Maryland cavalry; a detachment of the 1st New York Cavalry, and a detachment of the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry. A section, two pieces, of Maulsby's battery was stationed in position one hundred-fifty yards beyond the main line to meet a possible attack from the left.

The force, which did not exceed 1,200 men probably, was under the immediate command of Col. Benjamin Smith, of the 126th Ohio Volunteers. Brig. Gen. Dan Tyler had reached Martinsburg on the morning of June 14 to relieve Colonel Smith, but as Jenkins's cavalry had reached the vicinity, and Colonel Smith was making preparations to meet it, Tyler declined to assume command, but acted in an advisory capacity.

This force had been previously warned that an attack was probable, and had sent off a considerable wagon train loaded with military supplies. This train had gone beyond the reach of its Confederate pursuers and made its escape,

reaching Harrisburg, Pa., in safety. Jenkins's cavalry had reached the vicinity of Martinsburg about 8 A. M. that day, but, having no artillery, could not compete with the Federal battery which commanded the approaches to the town and shelled any hostile troops who showed themselves. Jenkins sent, under flag of truce, a written demand to the commanding officer to surrender, which was refused.

Preparations were immediately made to assail the enemy's line with infantry and artillery. Reese's battery, and perhaps another of Colonel Carter's batteries, were placed in position, and opened an effective fire against the enemy. The first shot from Reese's battery passed over Captain Maulsby's four nearest pieces and plunged into the farthest section, killing and wounding several horses and demoralizing the infantry support. Captain Maulsby fired six rounds, from each of his four pieces, after the Confederate batteries opened, and limbered up and attempted to retreat toward Williamsport.

A movement of Jenkins's cavalry to the left greatly aided in the quick scattering of the enemy's forces, and his pursuit of Maulsby's battery resulted in the capture of the four guns carried from position by Captain Maulsby, with horses and other equipment complete. One piece of the detached section was abandoned and fell into the hands of the Confederates. Hence, five 3-inch rifles, of Maulsby's West Virginia artillery, were captured. The infantry retreated on the Shepherdstown road, and, as this fact, taken in connection with the darkness, as night had approached, was not known to the pursuing Confederates in time, it escaped and reached Harper's Ferry next day, the 15th. But one piece of the battery made its escape. Quite a number of prisoners were captured concealed in the homes of Union citizens in the town.

That night the division bivouacked in the vicinity of Martinsburg. Six thousand bushels of corn were among the captures here, but the greater part of the stores was carried off or burned. Before leaving Martinsburg, the four captured rifle guns, with horses and equipment complete, were turned over to Reese's company, the Jeff Davis Artillery. The old guns of the company, two Rome, Ga., rifles, one bronze Napoleon, and a twelve-pounder howitzer, and the greatly worn equipment, which had been in constant use for about two years, were turned in to the Confederate Ordnance Department. With the artillery, two excellent ambulances and their teams were captured.

This was another of the numerous cases when the attack was made too late in the day to reap all the advantages that were available, as the infantry escaped because of the darkness. The division rested until about 10 A. M. on the 15th. It was during this period of rest it was first learned that Milroy, with his shattered forces, had passed through Smithfield, en route to Harper's Ferry, and had passed beyond the reach of Rodes's Division.

Three brigades—Ramseur's, Iverson's, and Doles's—with three batteries (Reese's was one of them), were ordered across the Potomac. Jenkins's brigade of cavalry had already crossed the Potomac River at Williamsport, and, driving off a small force from that place, immediately advanced into Pennsylvania. The division remained in the vicinity of Williamsport during the 16th, 17th and 18th days of June. Five thousand pounds of leather, thirty-five kegs of powder, and two thousand or three thousand head of cattle were purchased and sent back, except enough of the cattle to supply the troops with beef.

The operations of the three divisions of Ewell's Corps

in the Valley thus far were simply preliminary to the advance of the entire Army of Northern Virginia into Pennsylvania. The purpose of these movements was to capture or disperse the enemy's forces located in that section. The fruits of these operations were more than 4,000 prisoners, 29 pieces of artillery, 270 wagons and ambulances, with 400 horses, besides a large amount of military stores. Casualties 47 killed, 219 wounded, and 3 missing; total, 269.

Ewell's leading troops crossed the Potomac River on June 15. On the same date the last of A. P. Hill's troops, whose corps had been left to watch Hooker's movements at Fredericksburg, left that point to join the advancing army. By the route traveled, Ewell's advanced troops and A. P. Hill's rear troops were approximately one hundred and fifty miles apart. On the same date Longstreet's Corps left Culpeper and moved along the east side of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Thus, it will be seen that Lee's army was stretched over a space of one hundred and fifty miles. By this audacity was Lee coqueting with fate?

(To be continued.)

THE LOOKOUT BATTERY.

(This little history of the Lookout Battery was written by Capt. Robert L. Barry, in 1889. Perhaps some surviving member can give other incidents of its service.)

The organizing of the Lookout Battery was first suggested to me by Richard L. Watkins, on March 1, 1861, and, on April 4, we organized the battery by election of the officers by the men composing the company. These were Robert L. Barry, captain; Richard L. Watkins, first lieutenant; James Lauderdale, junior first lieutenant; James M. Armstrong, senior second lieutenant; and John Springfield, junior second lieutenant; A. N. Moon, orderly sergeant.

The first engagement of this battery with the enemy was at Shellmound, Ga. I was ordered by Brigadier General Leadbetter, who was then in command of the Confederate forces at Chattanooga, to send one 12-pounder gun to Shellmound to prevent the enemy from crossing the river at that point. Lieutenant Watkins was in command of the gun, and was given the responsible work of sinking any craft that made its appearance. He had quite a little fight with batteries from the enemy. I cannot give dates, but it was soon after the battle of Corinth, perhaps the first of May. The enemy did not cross, but went on to Chattanooga. A few days thereafter Lieutenant Watkins returned to the batteries, to little Cameron Hill, and there for two days we had a hot cannonading fight. After the enemy returned whence they came, General Bragg went to Chattanooga and took command, then began his campaign into Kentucky, which started from Knoxville, Tenn. The railroads being so pressed in carrying the infantry, the batteries were ordered to go by land. The Lookout Battery was ordered to Knoxville to join the advance Confederate forces, commanded by General Cleburne, who led the advancing Confederate army into Kentucky. The battery was then in command of Lieutenant Watkins, leaving me sick in Chattanooga. As our battery was not able to reach Knoxville in time, and General Cleburne had to take another battery, the Lookout Battery was then ordered to Cumberland Gap, and while on its way received orders to return to Knoxville, and there received orders to report for duty at Mobile. The United States forces at this time were commencing raids out in the country from Pensacola. The battery was ordered to Pollard, Ala., to assist our forces in driving back these raids from Pensacola. Thus we were engaged for some months. When Grant landed his forces at Vicksburg, the battery was ordered to Jackson,

Miss., and a few days after the battle of Baker's Creek, we joined General Logan's Division. He assigned us for duty to a brigade commanded by Gen. Abe Buford, who remained only a short time, being relieved by Brigadier General (Wirt) Adams, of Tennessee. This brigade consisted of the 6th, 15th, and 20th of Mississippi Regiments, as brave a brigade as ever faced an enemy. On the night of July 4, 1862, the battery was ordered to lie upon the bank of the Big Black River, to lead the advance against Grant's forces for relief of Vicksburg. Gen. Joe Johnston was then in command of our army there. Our order was to cross over when General Adam's Brigade came to support us. General Adam's Brigade never came, and we remained there, awaiting their arrival, till late in the day. The army had learned of the fall of Vicksburg and of the advancing forces of Grant's army, and we retreated, and thus managed to get through without being captured. After a hard day's march we were enabled to reach Jackson, Miss., a few hours before the enemy, and on that afternoon had a brush with Sherman's force at Jackson, Miss. We remained with Johnston's army until Gen. Leonidas Polk took command, and carried his corps to unite with Johnston's army, which was being hard pressed by United States forces under Sherman.

We reached Resaca, Ga., May 13, 1864, and on the 16th we were charged by the 110th Ohio and 10th Tennessee, U. S. A.; so, as the old saying is, it was "Greek meeting Greek." We were victorious in repelling that charge, in fact, but few of the attacking forces were left to tell the tale of slaughter.

We were then engaged at New Hope Church, Lost Mountain, Kenesaw Mountain, Chattahoochee River, and Peachtree Creek, where we suffered more than in any former engagement. Nearly every man engaged was more or less wounded. Lieutenant Watkins was one among the few who escaped even a wound, though at his post all the time. We were ordered then to fall back into the trenches around Atlanta and command Fort Hood, on Marietta Street, the most exposed position around the city, where we had some hard fighting. After the fall of Atlanta, our battery, with some others, was ordered to Macon, Ga., to help in defense of that city. There we had but little fighting, as General Sherman passed Macon without making an attack upon it. When General Hood, who succeeded Johnston, commenced his advance into Tennessee, my battery was ordered, with others that had accompanied me to Macon, to Corinth, Miss., to protect the supplies that were being sent there for Hood's army.

After Hood's defeat at Nashville and his retreat, the battery was ordered to Mobile, Ala., and from there to Spanish Fort, which had been attacked. Our forces were hard pressed, and we had some very hard fighting for some days. It was there that Lieutenant Watkins received some severe wounds, from which he did not recover until sometime after the surrender of the Confederate army. At this fort the enemy charged and captured the infantry on the night of April 9, 1865, the darkest, blackest rainy night that ever was. Lieutenant Lauderdale and I, with thirty men, succeeded in getting away in some bateaux, while Sergeant Anderson and thirty more men swam eight miles to Blakely, got skiffs there, and rowed across the bay to Mobile next day; while thirty of our men were captured and taken to Ship Island. From Mobile we were sent to Demopolis, Ala., and then to Meridian, Miss., where we surrendered, on May 16, 1865.

My recollection is that Lieutenant Watkins was never absent from his command but once, getting a furlough to visit home but once, and the battery was never in any sort of an engagement that he was not at his post, and he performed his duty like a soldier always. I don't think he was ever sick a day except from his wound received at the front.

Confederate Veteran.

BATTLE OF ROGERSVILLE, OR BIG CREEK, TENN.

BY G. D. EWING, FATTONSBURG, MO.

The battle of Rogersville, or Big Creek, Tenn., was not a sanguinary battle, as the losses were small, but for the Confederates the catch was fine. I have never seen this affair in print, but its good conception and bold execution should give it rank with many such battles which occurred in the War between the States.

This successful raid on the Federal lines was made about November 1, 1863. At this time General Burnside still had his headquarters at Knoxville, Tenn., the outpost of his army consisting of the 7th Ohio Cavalry and the 2nd Regiment of Tennessee Mounted Infantry, and a battery of artillery. This force was under the command of Col. Israel Garrard, commanding the 7th Ohio Cavalry.

The forces on the Confederate side were the brigades of cavalry commanded by Col. H. L. Giltner and Brig. Gen. William E. Jones. This department was then under the command of Major General Bransom, whose headquarters were at Blountville. Gen. W. E. Jones was in command of the forces on this expedition. The objective, upon the Confederate side, was the capture of this advanced post, near Rogersville, Tenn.

It was bleak, cold, and rainy weather. No doubt the Federal forces felt comparatively safe during such unpropitious weather for the movement of troops, the condition of the roads considered, and especially as the Confederate troops would have to cross the rapid Holston River in its swollen condition.

Colonel Giltner's Brigade moved to a point near Kingsport, going into camp for a short time. Lowrey's Battery was with Colonel Giltner's Brigade. General Jones was then quite a distance in our rear, but was as rapidly advancing as the weather and roads would permit. Giltner's Brigade soon left its camp for an all night's march in the cold November rain, and about dark reached the ford on the Holston River. This stream was much swollen from the downpour of rain. It seemed a dangerous undertaking to attempt to cross, but the crossing was made in the following order: 1st Tennessee, 10th Kentucky Cavalry battalion, 4th Kentucky, Lowrey's Battery, and 16th Georgia Battalion. Some horses were thrown down with the riders in the cold water, but all finally got across without loss of either men or horses. It was as dark as Eurebus, a night's travel long to be remembered. The plan was for General Jones, with his brigade, to gain the rear of the Federals, while Giltner's Brigade, with Lowrey's Battery, was to make frontal attack. Some time during the night we were halted for perhaps an hour to permit Jones's Brigade to cross the road in front of us.

These troops had advanced rapidly under the immediate command of General Jones, affectionately called by his troopers, "Owl-Eyed Billy," by reason of his many night movements. Before day our advance met a company of scouts near Surgoinsville and chased them several miles. Knowing that these fleeing troopers would apprise their forces of the approaching Confederates, we hurried on as fast as possible. The dawn of day revealed the enemy in position to receive us. General Jones had moved with much celerity, and was now gaining their rear. As Colonel Giltner was making disposition of his troops for front attack, it was noticed that a panic seemed to prevail in the Federal ranks and some were breaking away and hastily fleeing. Colonel Carter was ordered with his regiment to charge and gain the ford, so as to cut off their escape. This movement was well executed, causing the fleeing ones to return to their lines. We after-

wards learned that this was a part of the Tennessee Regiment. Tennesseans were after them. They seemed to be as uncomfortable as though they were between the devil and the deep blue sea. During the dark night our artillery had gotten far behind, owing to the condition of the roads.

The enemy had chosen an excellent position on a sharp ridge, their battery commanding our line for quite a distance. Major Parker, of the 4th Kentucky, and Colonel Trimble, of the 10th Kentucky, at once charged their front, Major Parker charging on horseback to the foot of the hill on which were the Federal lines, not more than three hundred yards from their batteries, supported by the men. At the foot of this hill our horses were comparatively safe from artillery fire. As soon as we dismounted we went rapidly to the lines on top of the hill. But the fight was soon over, as the forces opposing us soon fled, leaving their battery of four pieces of brass cannon, which we soon had in our possession. The brigade of General Jones did not get into the fight, but had reached a position which enabled them to prevent the crossing of the river of as many as one-half of their men.

We captured about nine hundred men, four pieces of brass cannon, near one thousand horses, their military stores, with more than one thousand rifles, and a large supply of ammunition. But after that terrible night's travel the commissary stores had much attraction—barrels of flour, sugar, coffee, mackerel, potatoes, dried fruit, and so on. As soon as other duties were attended to, we roughly invoiced their commissary stores. How these two brigades of Confederates did eat! And still lingered at the festal board. We had not had such a feast for a long time. Old home songs were sung as we partook of these many good things, which had been hauled from old Kentucky. If not for us, we enjoyed them just the same. General Jones's Brigade was made up of fine Virginians, fifteen hundred strong. They were proud of their command, and well they might be. He was trained at West Point Military Academy. Few generals lived so close to their men as did he, partaking of their coarse fare, enduring their hardships, besides being a brilliant leader and strategist. Brave general! He was afterwards killed in battle at Piedmont, Va.

During that cold night ride most all of the soldiers were without overcoats. It was indeed a trying night. The officers would frequently ride along the line, talking to the boys to keep their spirits up. At one time Colonel Giltner and his staff came along Company A, which was my company. I had known Giltner before the war. As he recognized me, he said, "Well, Ewing, what does your requisition call for on this trip?" I replied that I had put in for one brass cannon, an officer's rain cape, a good supply of underwear, two pairs of socks, one pair of boots, and many sundries. He laughed at my extended order, and said: "I hope you may get your full order." Strange as it may seem, I did get all and then some more. Lieut. Archie Smith, of my company, and I were the first to lay hands on one of the captured cannon. Capt. R. O. Gathright soon joined us. We tried to turn the gun and fire on the running enemy, but in that we failed until they had escaped, to be later captured. Not long after that fight I was detailed as orderly sergeant at brigade headquarters of Col. H. L. Giltner, where I remained for the rest of the service.

General Jones was very prudent and especially careful. After we had partaken heavily of the bounties the Federals had for us, it was suggested to General Jones that, as the men and horses were so tired, we should remain until the following morning. To this he replied in his fine soprano voice: "No, gentlemen, we had better be getting back near our base. It is better to make sure of the catch we now have than to risk losing it for a little rest and sleep. General Burnside is not

far away. We will put more miles between us and his army. Then I think we can rest more securely."

We moved out with all our captured stores, with nine hundred prisoners and one thousand captured horses, and commissary supplies sufficient to gladden our often impoverished stomachs for quite a while, and reached our base without loss.

After going to Col. H. L. Giltner's brigade headquarters, I usually acted as aid de camp in times of battle. This kind of service was often exciting and filled with thrills.

NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

The following gives a list of the National Cemeteries in the United States authorized by act of Congress of July 17, 1862, and subsequent acts, and shows the number of interments in each up to June 30, 1917. The list was taken from the *National Tribune*, of Washington, D. C., for which paper it was prepared by the War Department (Office of the Quartermaster General):

Alexandria, La.	4,542	.Lebanon, Ky.	875
Alexandria, Va.	3,565	Lexington, Ky.	1,136
Andersonville, Ga.	13,723	Little Rock, Ark.	6,916
Andrew Johnson, Tenn.	19	Loudon Park, Md.	4,002
Annapolis, Md.	2,544	Marietta, Ga.	10,424
Antietam, Md.	4,759	Memphis, Tenn.	14,441
Arlington, Va.	24,478	Mexico City, Mexico.	1,552
Balls Bluff, Va.	25	Mill Springs, Ky.	729
Barrancas, Fla.	1,663	Mobile, Ala.	1,127
Baton Rouge, La.	3,163	Mound City, Ill.	5,432
Battle Ground, D. C.	44	Nashville, Tenn.	16,771
Beaufort, S. C.	9,492	Natchez, Miss.	3,414
Beverly, N. J.	201	New Albany, Ind.	3,146
Camp Butler, Ill.	1,597	Newbern, N. C.	3,399
Camp Nelson, Ky.	3,660	Philadelphia, Pa.	3,444
Cave Hill, Ky.	4,790	Poplar Grove, Va.	6,217
Chalmette, La.	13,120	Port Hudson, La.	3,851
Chattanooga, Tenn.	13,706	Quincy, Ill.	317
City Point, Va.	5,180	Raleigh, N. C.	1,214
Cold Harbor, Va.	1,969	Richmond, Va.	6,578
Corinth, Miss.	5,737	Rock Island, Ill.	424
Crown Hill, Ind.	816	Salisbury, N. C.	12,149
Culpeper, Va.	1,375	San Antonio, Tex.	1,970
Custer Battle Field, Mont.	1,583	San Francisco, Cal.	7,166
Cypress Hills, N. Y.	7,673	Santa Fe, N. Mex.	1,099
Danville, Ky.	359	Seven Pines, Va.	1,400
Danville, Va.	1,331	Shiloh, Tenn.	3,622
Fayetteville, Ark.	1,316	Soldiers' Home, D. C.	7,825
Finns Point, N. J.	2,632	Springfield, Mo.	2,451
Florence, S. C.	3,013	St. Augustine, Fla.	1,775
Fort Donelson, Tenn.	676	Staunton, Va.	766
Fort Gibson, Okla.	2,488	Stone River, Tenn.	6,149
Fort Harrison, Va.	818	Vicksburg, Miss.	17,070
Fort Leavenworth, Kan.	4,046	Wilmington, N. C.	2,361
Fort McPherson, Nebr.	854	Winchester, Va.	4,546
Fort Scott, Kan.	885	Woodlawn, N. Y.	3,278
Fort Smith, Ark.	2,399	Yorktown, Va.	2,196
Fredericksburg, Va.	15,186	Total	372,164
Gettysburg, Pa.	3,680		
Glendale, Va.	1,198		
Grafton, W. Va.	1,276		
Hampton, Va.	11,549		
Jefferson Barracks, Mo.	12,642		
Jefferson City, Mo.	843	"Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers wither at the	
Keokuk, Iowa.	906	North wind's breath;	
Knoxville, Tenn.	3,552	But thou, thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."	

THE LAST ROLL

Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulcher."

J. G. POWELL.

In the death of J. G. Powell, on July 14, 1922, New Orleans lost one of its most valuable citizens. He was one of the pioneers of the State, and during his long and useful life of eighty-one years he had built up a large lumber business in Louisiana.

When the call to arms was sounded in 1861, he and two younger brothers were among the first to volunteer in the service of the Confederacy, joining the Beaver Creek Riflemen, Company E, of the 4th Louisiana Regiment, with which he served until after the battle of Shiloh, where he was under Colonel Allen. The regiment was then ordered to Vicksburg, where his company was transferred to Winnfield's 3rd Louisiana Cavalry and ordered to Louisiana to join that regiment. It was not mounted at the time, but was attached to the 10th Arkansas Regiment and went into the battle at Baton Rouge with Boyd's Battalion; and it was this battalion, with Company E and one section of Simms's Battery, that opened the battle. Simms's battery was commanded by Captain Fauntleroy. At the siege of Port Hudson the company served as infantry with the 10th Arkansas, and after the surrender there it was ordered into camp, when J. G. (Green) Powell was made first lieutenant of the company; the men were then mounted and served with the 3rd Louisiana Cavalry. Powell was captured shortly afterwards in a skirmish near Port Hudson, but made his escape; he was captured again and taken to New Orleans and held in prison for six months, when he and two others made their escape. He was taken care of by friends in New Orleans, among whom was a Miss Kate Watkins, who gave him financial aid, enabling him to rejoin his company. He surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., under General Forrest.

Comrade Powell was twice married, and is survived by four daughters, who are active members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, doing what they can to perpetuate the service of the Confederate soldiers. Four brothers and two sisters also survive him.



J. G. POWELL.

JOHN W. CASTLEBERRY.

John W. Castleberry, born in Marshall County, Ky., on January 9, 1842, died in Booneville, Ark., June 30, 1922.

He enlisted in Company G, 3rd Kentucky Regiment, in September, 1861, under Gen. John C. Breckinridge; was wounded in the leg at the battle of Shiloh, and took part in the siege of Vicksburg; when the 3rd, 7th, and 8th Kentucky Regiments were transferred to Forrest's Cavalry, afterwards being known as mounted infantry, he served under Forrest and was with him in all his raids; was captured at Nashville while fighting under Hood, was taken to Camp Chase and kept as a prisoner until March, 1865, when he came to our camp at West Point, Miss., on parole, and General Lyon, our brigade commander, told him to go home, that the war would be over before he got there, and the day he got home afoot the guns were firing in Paducah to celebrate the surrender of General Lee. To the end he loved the cause for which he fought, and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to which he had been a subscriber for many years, represented that cause to him.

He went to Arkansas in 1869 and served his county as judge, and was also justice of the peace. He was a member of the Methodist Church for many years, and a Mason in good standing. He is survived by his wife, a son, and a daughter, also seven grandchildren.

The writer of this is the only brother living and was with him from 1863 to the close of the war.

(D. B. Castleberry, Booneville, Ark.)

EUGENE MAGEE WHITEHEAD, SR.

On February 8, 1922, at Denton, Tex., Eugene M. Whitehead, Sr., answered the last roll call and passed over the river to join his many comrades gone before. He was born November 2, 1840, in Carroll County, Miss. In 1861 he joined Company H, 4th Mississippi Infantry, at Carrollton, under Capt. Joe Gee. His first fight was at Fort Henry, and he was then at Fort Donelson, where he had to surrender, and was in the prison camp at Camp Morton for eight months. He was taken prisoner three times, and the last time he and three comrades escaped by jumping from a train near Indianapolis, Ind., and were hidden by a Southern man near Louisville, Ky. After making their way back home, he joined the noted N. B. Forrest and served with him until the final surrender.

In 1866 he was married to a Mrs. Wallace, who lived only a few years, then, in 1872, he married Miss Fannie Farmer, who survived him. A son and daughter are also left—E. M. Whitehead, Jr., of Arlington, Tex., and Mrs. C. S. McMath, of Denton; and there are many grandchildren, nieces, and nephews.

When a young man he joined the Baptist Church at Mt. Nebo, of which he was a consistent member to the end. He was also a member of Sul Ross Camp, U. V. C., at Denton. (His niece, Elizabeth Whitehead.)

MAJ. A. N. NEAL

Maj. A. N. Neal, who died at Jeanerette, La., on November 9, 1921, was born in Grenada, Miss., in 1839, and was thus in his eighty-third year. He was one of the oldest veterans in the State, and was loved by all who knew him. He served in the Confederate army as a volunteer from Greenwood, Miss., and took part in the battle of Gettysburg; was also in the Atlanta campaign under Hood; was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., with Forrest's command. He was never married. Major Neal was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church.

Confederate Veteran.

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JAMES TURNER REEVES.

James Turner Reeves, son of Edward and Nancy Reeves, was born in Cypress Creek Township, Bladen County, N. C., July 11, 1836, and died on July 12, 1921, at Caldwell, Tex. When he was eighteen years of age, the family moved to Mississippi, where his father died of cholera on a Mississippi River steamboat in 1854. The family then went to Brandon, Miss., and four years later removed to Texas, locating at Burleson, where he engaged in farming. When the war came on in 1861, young Reeves took up arms in defense of the Southern cause and served through the four years in Hood's Brigade, taking part in many of the battles in Virginia, where he was wounded. While on a furlough on account of his wound, he made the only visit to his old North Carolina home.

At the close of the war he returned to Texas, where he was soon married to a Miss Houston, and engaged in farming and merchandizing. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church. Three daughters and two sons survive him.

M. W. ARMSTRONG.

On August 30, 1922, the grim reaper claimed another of our Confederate veterans, Martin W. Armstrong, death occurring at his home near Alto, Tex.; and he was buried in the family cemetery near his home.

Martin W. Armstrong served with Company I, 10th Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade, and he was promoted to first lieutenant of his company for gallantry on the battle field of Murfreesboro, Tenn. At the battle of Allatoona Pass, Georgia, he wrung by main strength from the hands of a Union soldier the flag he bore for his regiment, and captured the Union soldier also. For this daring deed he was mentioned in the official reports of the battle. Comrade Armstrong was a member of the Ross-Ector Camp No. 513, U. C. V., of Rusk, Tex., since its organization. He attended many of the U. C. V. meetings, the last being at Atlanta, Ga.

He had been twice married, his first wife being Miss Kate Bush, of Rusk; the second wife was Miss Almena Harrison, who survives him with two sons and a daughter. He had reached the age of eighty-one years. His Confederate comrades assisted in the burial service. Only three of the company remain in the county out of one hundred and twelve of the original company.

(P. A. Blakely, Captain Commanding.)

VETERANS OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.

The Knoxville Chapter, U. D. C., has been made to realize very forcibly during the past year the rapid passing of our beloved veterans, twelve having gone from our midst. They are: George Peterson, William Crane, E. H. McKinney, Capt. John M. Brooks, Hector Coffin, Maj. C. H. Luckey, Col. William Henderson, Joshua Jones, N. C. Duncan, C. T. Towry, and Jonathan Walker. Each of these sleeps beneath a wreath and flag, the gift of the Knoxville Chapter, the flag they followed in days gone by, the wreath of victory won by



JAMES TURNER REEVES.

enduring true to the end. The Chapter President and members attend all funerals of veterans when possible, saddened by the thought that the "thin gray line" will soon have vanished entirely, and this privilege will have passed.

Each year at the annual dinner given by the daughters to all veterans in and around the city, we note with sorrow the number of vacant seats that were filled the year before.

May the Daughters be true to the veterans, as the veterans were true to the Cause.

[Mrs. F. O. Kesterson.]

R. Y. H. SHUMATE.

Robert Y. Hayne Shumate died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. George, in Piedmont, S. C., on February 17, 1922, after an illness of some weeks.

Bob Shumate was one of four brothers in the same company in the Confederate army, the Butler Guards of Greenville, S. C., which was Company B of the 2nd Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. Of him it was said that he never missed a battle in which his company took part. He was wounded in 1864, and his brother James was killed in the same year at the battle of Cold Harbor.

He was a leading member of Crittenden Camp, No. 707 U. C. V., and was greatly interested in its reunions. As a subscriber of the VETERAN, he took great pleasure in passing his copy along to others who were interested. The writer of this sketch had the pleasure and honor to know Mr. Shumate for many months before he died, and had the privilege of hearing of his wonderful experiences many times.

While attending the great meeting of the Blue and Gray at Gettysburg in 1913, Mr. Shumate met some Yankee veterans, who said jokingly, "Well, we whipped the South," to which he replied, "No, you didn't; we wore ourselves out whipping you."

Above everything else, Mr. Shumate was a good man and took an active interest in all that tended to make his community better. His influence was such that it was a blessing to be associated with him.

(Charles B. Hanna, S. C. V.)

J. C. HURLEY.

After a long illness, J. C. Hurley died on August 6, 1922, near Little Oak, in Pike County, Ala., and was laid to rest in the Mount Moriah Baptist Church Cemetery by the Masonic Order, of which he had been a member since 1864.

Born January 16, 1839, he had thus reached the advanced age of eighty-three years. He was married at the age of twenty-one to Miss Josephine Edwards, and to them were born five sons and five daughters, seven children surviving.

In January, 1862, Comrade Hurley enlisted in Company A, 39th Alabama Regiment, and it has been said of him that Alabama furnished no better soldier to the Confederacy. At the battle of Chickamauga, while he was carrying the colors of his regiment, the staff was shot in two; he stopped and cut a maple sprout, to which he lashed the colors, then shouted to his comrades, "Come on, boys!" and carried the colors on to victory. He was in all the principal battles of the Army of Tennessee, and was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at the last. In the battle at Bentonville, N. C., his left arm was shot to pieces, which disabled him permanently.

Comrade Hurley joined the Baptist Church at Orion, Ala., in 1857, and was a consistent member of that Church to the end. He was a member of Camp Ruffin, U. C. V., of Troy, Ala., a loyal and faithful veteran of the Confederacy always.

(C. N. Mallett.)

Confederate Veteran.

CAPT. W. J. KERR.

Capt. W. J. Kerr, one of the most honored and respected citizens of Alvin, Tex., passed away on February 25, 1922, aged eighty-one years. He was laid to rest in the city cemetery with full Masonic honors.

Captain Kerr was born in North Carolina, May 7, 1841, and went to Texas in early life. At twenty-six years of age he went to Alvin from Lockhart, Tex., settling upon his farm four miles south of Alvin, in the Mustang neighborhood, where he resided until the time of his death. He was a man of sterling character, highly respected by his immediate neighbors and all who knew him. He had been confined to his home for the past year. His many acts of kindness and business activities are well remembered.

Captain Kerr enlisted in Company F, 6th North Carolina Infantry, and went to Virginia in 1861, and was with the Army of Northern Virginia from Manassas to Appomattox. He was orderly sergeant of his company, and up to the time of his death could call the roll from memory.

He was a member of the John A. Wharton Camp No. 286, U. C. V., of Alvin, also member of Alvin Lodge No. 762, A. F. & A. M. Captain Kerr was proud that he had been one of the charter members of the original Ku Klux Klan of the sixties, and served as chief of one of the local organizations of North Carolina.

Two daughters survive him.

ROBERT THEODORE MOCKBEE.

Again has the hand of death invaded the ranks of the Confederate Historical Association, Camp 28 U. C. V., and removed from us Robert Theodore Mockbee, a noble and loved Comrade, who departed this life on July 20, 1922, at the home of his granddaughter, Mrs. H. M. Rhodes, of Memphis, Tenn., after slowly failing health of many months.

Comrade Mockbee was born at Dover, Tenn., on August 17, 1841. He enlisted in Company B, under Captain Gholson, at Palmyra, Tenn., in the early spring of 1861. His company was assigned to the 14th Tennessee Infantry, going to Virginia, where his regiment became a part of Archer's Tennessee Brigade, Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, which command was in all of the principal engagements under General Lee, A. U. V., except at Chancellorsville, when Comrade Mockbee was absent on special detached duty in Tennessee, where he was captured and held in prison at Nashville for a few days, when he escaped and made his way back to his command in Virginia.

He was wounded at Sharpsburg, Md., at Spotsylvania, and at North Anna. At Gettysburg, Pa., Archer's Brigade was assigned the post of honor, which was the post of danger, being the center of attack. At the battle of Shepherdstown, he was in command of his company and then, as throughout all the conflicts, most valiantly he fought for his dear Southland; patiently, heroically he endured all privations and dangers on the field or on the march, on to the coming of that dark day of gloom at Appomattox; yet then not a surrender day for R. T. Mockbee. There he secured an old artillery horse and with another comrade, rode away and joined Rosser's Cavalry, going on to Lynchburg, where Rosser disbanded his forces; thence Comrade Mockbee wended his way to Chester, S. C., to visit the lady who had cared for him when sick and wounded, thus renewing a love afterwards cemented by marriage. After this visit he went to Washington, Ga., where on June 11, 1865, he was duly paroled, returning to his home.

The following year, 1866, he returned to Chester, S. C., and was united in marriage to Miss Kate Mobley, who had so devotedly cared for him in sickness. For twenty-seven years he made Chester his happy home. Then he moved to Memphis, where he continued to reside until his death.

A valiant, faithful comrade, a worthy Christian gentleman has gone to receive his reward. Comrade Mockbee's life was epitomized in these six words: Confederate patriot—Southern gentleman—conscientious Christian.

F. D. Denton, M. V. Crump, W. R. Sims, Committee.

C. TAYLOR HOLTZCLAW.

C. Taylor Holtzclaw, a member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 485, U. C. V., was born in Fauquier County, Va., June 20, 1847, and died in Hampton, Va., April 11, 1922, aged seventy-four years.

In August, 1864, he entered the Confederate army as a private in Utterback's Battery of Field Artillery, Poague's Battalion, Army of Northern Virginia, and served until the close of the war.

He was educated in the private schools of Fauquier, and later completed a course in architecture. As an architect and builder, he spent five years in Washington as a member of the firm of Holtzclaw Brothers. He came to Hampton forty-one years ago, and during that time planned and constructed many buildings at Fort Monroe, the National Soldiers' Home, Hampton, and Newport News. Among them the theater at the Soldiers' Home, Hampton Bank building, and theaters in Hampton, and the celebrated Chamberlin Hotel at Old Point Comfort.

As an architect of high attainment and a citizen of strict integrity of character, he identified himself with the best interests of the community and enjoyed the esteem and fellowship of his friends.

Mr. Holtzclaw was a member of the Hampton Baptist Church, St. Tammany Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and was a Royal Arch Mason, Knights Templar, and Shriner.

He leaves a wife, several children, and grandchildren, worthy citizens of Hampton.

(Joseph R. Haw, Adj't.)

COMRADES AT MONROE, GA.

The R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1055, U. C. V., of Monroe, Ga., has lost three of its members within the last year.

Rev. W. E. Ivey, born August 2, 1847; enlisted July, 1864, with Company K, Georgia State Troops; married Miss America Peter, 1869; was chaplain of the Camp at Monroe for a number of years; died July 29, 1922.

J. O. Malcolm, born November 12, 1843; entered service of the Confederacy May 11, 1862, as a member of Company H, 42nd Georgia Regiment; was married three times; died January 5, 1922. He made a good record in war and peace.

M. F. Fuller, born June 11, 1841; enlisted March, 1861, with Company D, 2nd Georgia Regiment; was twice married; died July 1, 1922. He made a good name as a soldier and citizen.

All these comrades loved to read the VETERAN.

(J. M. Adams, Secretary R. E. Lee Camp.)

MOSBY'S RANGERS.

The following members of the 43rd Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, Mosby's Rangers, have died within the past year:

Boyd M. Smith, J. H. Judd, Lieut. James G. Wilshire, Lieut. Charles E. Grogan, Dr. W. L. Dunn (Asst. Surgeon), Ludwell Lake, C. R. McIntosh, J. Williams Coons, Chilton Lunceford, the latter aged ninety-two years.

These men were honored by all who knew them, and their memory will be cherished as long as virtue, patriotism, and gallantry inspire the heart and minds of those who live after them.

(Channing M. Smith, Adj't. Mosby Camp No. 110, Delaplane, Va.)

COL. JOSEPH B. CUMMING—A TRIBUTE.

BY CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES, HISTORIAN CAMP NO. 435
U. C. V., AUGUSTA, GA.

Col. Joseph Bryan Cumming was born in Augusta, Ga., February 2, 1836. Graduating from the University of Georgia, with first honor in the class of 1854, he then studied law and was admitted to the bar. With the supervening of the War between the States a few years later, however, his legal labors were laid aside when he patriotically enlisted in the Confederate army.

His military service began early in 1861 as a member of the Clinch Rifles, Company A, of the 5th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Col. John K. Jackson, and he was at first stationed at Pensacola, Fla. In September of the same year he became a lieutenant in Company I, from Columbus, Ga., and in January, 1862, he was promoted to the captaincy of this command, officiating in that rank as assistant adjutant general in J. K. Jackson's brigade at the battle of Shiloh, in the Kentucky campaign, and in the conflict at Murfreesboro, Tenn. In the last-named contest he had a horse shot from under him, and he suffered a slight wound at the battle of Shiloh. After the sanguinary engagement at Murfreesboro, he was ordered to report to Brig. Gen. William H. T. Walker, and being subsequently advanced to the grade of major, he served in the Adjutant General's Department of Walker's command. He was in the campaign with Johnston against Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta in 1864, and took part in the famous battle of July 22 of this year for the defense and retention of that town.

Major Cumming was in every battle of the Army of Tennessee from Shiloh until the surrender, excepting those of Missionary Ridge and Jonesboro, Ga. Among all the heroes on those ensanguined fields none ever received from comrades in arms or superior officers higher meed of praise for gallantry than Maj. Joseph B. Cumming.

After the lamented death of Major General Walker in the memorable battle of July 22, 1864, at Atlanta, Major Cumming was ordered to report to General Hardee, on whose staff he served until his transference to the corps of General Hood, who was then commanding the Army of Tennessee. He was with the latter officer in the Tennessee campaign, and was on his staff at the battles of Franklin and Nashville. Upon the removal of Hood and the reappointment of General Johnston to the command of the Army of Tennessee, Major Cumming was placed on Johnston's staff. On the reorganization of the army in 1865, just before the surrender, Major Cumming was appointed colonel of a regiment made up of C. H. Stevens's brigade. The army being on the eve of surrender, however, he did not take command, remaining with Johnston until the disbanding of the Confederate troops at Greensboro, N. C.

Colonel Cumming is remembered as the gallant speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives in the winter and summer of 1872, soon after the return of the Democrats to political supremacy in State affairs. He was a member of the Georgia senate a few years later, but with that exception he had absolutely abstained from politics. He was an orator of forcefulness and rare charm and contributed to many occasions in lastingly emphasizing the truth of history. With his

pen he was always apt and ready, and frequently gave point to a subject which realized the most ardent expectations of his readers.

Among the numerous positions of trust and responsibility which he had acceptably held was that as the Captain and Commander of Camp 435, U. C. V. (Confederate Survivors Association), of Augusta, Ga., in which capacity he officiated in 1901 and 1902, and the honor of membership on the Chickamauga National Park Commission. The latter distinction was conferred on him by President Roosevelt in 1903, and the dignity thus bestowed was personally highly prized to the day of his greatly regretted death.

Pleasing always in address, and popular everywhere, this gallant gentleman was an ornament to the generation in which he lived; and when, on May 15, 1922, his public-spirited and patriotic usefulness ended, Colonel Cumming had more than intensified his claim to the title of a battle-scarred veteran of the Confederacy.

A FIGHTING CHAPLAIN.

(The following tribute was written some years ago by the late Maj. J. Ogden Murray in memory of his friend, Rev. Abner Crump Hopkins.)

The wise old sage who said that "No friend should write the obituary of his friend" could never have felt that love of comradeship which filled the hearts of the men who followed old Stonewall up and down the Shenandoah Valley in those days of the South's peril, when the iron hoof of war ran over the land and the torch was in the hand of the invader. The grave cannot still the tongue of the living nor bid the heart forget those days, those men of the past with whom we shared our rations and our blankets. No man could pay more beautiful tribute than that by A. W. Hawks, to the memory of his father's comrade and friend as "The Bishop of Homerville," which appeared in the *Baltimore Sun* in 1905; and no man ever more richly deserved this tribute than Rev. Abner C. Hopkins, the "Fighting Chaplain" of the Stonewall Brigade, beloved by all his old comrades. Exerting by his life and example an influence always for good, he was loved, respected, and trusted by every man in the old fighting brigade, from its grim old commander down to the humblest man in the ranks. The "Fighting Chaplain," as the men called him, was modest, brave, lovable, serving the Master as he loyally served the South. Broad in mind, sincere in purpose, noble in character, it was never a question with him whether a soldier who wore the gray was Gentle or Jew; his help was cheerfully given to all, his charity took in all those in need. Careless of his own comfort, he was always solicitous of the welfare of others, both spiritual and physical. If there was a man sick, the chaplain would always be at his cot side, cheering and nursing the patient back to health; if a man fell on the battle line, the fighting chaplain was by his side, easing the pain of the wound; when the battle line was forming it found the chaplain present, ready to take his place, and to go where most needed without the least regard to shot and shell. Then who can wonder that the "fighting parson" had the confidence of Jackson and his men?

There is a story told of the chaplain by the boys of the brigade. At Mine Run, Va., the men of the brigade were busy getting breakfast, when the enemy made a sudden dash on the flanks that almost caused a stampede. Chaplain Hopkins, frying pan in hand, was everywhere rallying the men, getting them into line. In a short while after the line was formed, the enemy was driven off, with loss, and the preparation for breakfast went on. Yet no one ever heard Chaplain Hopkins claim-

(Continued on page 398.)

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, President General
520 W. 114th St., New York City

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, Americus, Ga. First Vice President General
MRS. BENNETT D. BELL, Nashville, Tenn. Second Vice President General
MRS. W. E. MASSEY, Hot Springs, Ark. Third Vice President General
MRS. R. D. WRIGHT, Newberry, S. C. Recording Secretary General
MISS ALLIE GARNER, Ozark, Ala. Corresponding Secretary General

MRS. AMOS NORRIS, Tampa, Fla. Treasurer General
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va. Historian General
MRS. FANNIE R. WILLIAMS, Newton, N. C. Registrar General
MRS. WILLIAM D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. Custodian of Crosses
MRS. J. H. CRENSHAW, Montgomery, Ala. Custodian of Flags and Pennants

[All communications for this department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. B. White, Official Editor, Paris, Tenn.]

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: The world has never produced a greater man than Gen. Robert Edward Lee, and the death of his grandson, Col. Robert Edward Lee, is a personal loss to the entire South, and the sorrow of his bereaved family is shared by every member of this organization.

Convention.—The call for the convention will reach you before this letter, and you will see by it that the dates mentioned in the September VETERAN, "November 21 to 24" was an error, the correct date being the 15th to 18th. A telegram from the Recording Secretary General has requested me to give as much publicity to this correction as possible.

As the convention to be held in Birmingham draws near, I will ask you to bend every energy to redeem our pledges made at St. Louis.

Women of the South in War Times.—If you will refer to your Minutes, you will see that on page 175 we pledged ourselves to dispose of ten thousand copies of this book during the year. This would be an average of ten volumes for each Chapter. On the strength of this pledge, Mr. Norman offered the following prizes: One to the State selling the greatest number of books, one to that Chapter in the thirteen seceding States selling the greatest number of copies, and one to that Chapter outside of the thirteen States with the largest sale to its credit. In a letter recently received from the publisher, I have learned with regret that unless the next two months bring forth better results, Mr. Norman will not be able to redeem his promise.

Daughters, can we not fulfill our pledge? The prizes are not the goal; the goal is fulfilling our pledge. I hope that every Director will do her utmost to see that each Chapter does its part.

The Confederate Flag.—I wish to report that I have received a response to my letter of inquiry concerning the O. K. Boys of Anson. I have learned that there are three of the O. K. Boys still alive, and in due time the flag will be safely deposited in some worthy place in the South.

Pledges.—Let me remind you of your pledges made in St. Louis. The Cunningham Memorial Scholarship, three thousand dollars (\$3,000). The Matthew Fontaine Maury Monument, five thousand dollars (\$5,000). The Jefferson Davis Monument at Fairview, Ky., amount not settled. The Lee Memorial Chapel at Lexington, Va. Send to your State treasurer, as soon as possible, all funds in your Chapter treasury, in order that she may forward to the Treasurer General before she closes her books, thus making it possible for her to report the full contributions of the Divisions for the year.

Reports to the Convention.—By a ruling made at one of the former conventions, all reports of Committees and Division Presidents must be made in triplicate, and must be typewritten. Many chairmen and Division Presidents bring but one copy, thus delaying the printing of the Minutes. Your Re-

cording Secretary General will deeply appreciate this aid in hastening the work of issuing the Minutes.

Sulgrave Institution.—It was my privilege to represent you officially in receiving the delegates who have just arrived from England to present to America the busts of William Pitt, Edmund Burke, and James Bryce. This delegation consisted of former Lord Mayor of London and Lady Wakefield; Sir Arthur Addington Haworth, M.P., President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, Trustee of Mansfield College, Chairman Manchester Royal Exchange, Junior Lord of the Treasury, etc., and Lady Haworth; Sir William Letts, M.P., R.D., etc.; Harold Spender, Esq., author and journalist; H. S. Perris, Esq., Director British Sulgrave Institution; the Rt. Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, and Lady Lemieux, Lieutenant Governor William MacCallum Grant, and Lady Grant, Nova Scotia; the Australian High Commissioner accredited to the United States, and others.

Division Conventions.—I have received cordial invitations to attend the conventions in Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, and Texas, but, unfortunately, all but West Virginia come on the same date as the New York Division Convention, which makes it impossible for me to accept. I am hoping, however, that these conventions will show the result of a great year of accomplishments under the leadership of their able Presidents.

Faithfully yours,

LENORA ROGERS SCHUYLER.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Mrs. W. E. Massey, Third Vice President General, announces that registration of papers of the C. of C. will continue up to within a few days of the general convention, U. D. C., in Birmingham, in November. All certificates ordered now will be sent promptly. State Presidents are requested to see that their Directors send in the names of their Children's Chapters.

The book "Boy Soldiers of the Confederacy," by Susan Hull, can be had by addressing Mr. Frank Reagan, fifth floor, Bibb Realty Building, Macon, Ga. Price, \$1.15.

DIVISION NOTES.

Arkansas.—Arkansas Daughters sympathize with Mrs. C. M. Roberts in the death of her husband, Dr. Roberts, which occurred on August 4.

George S. Spraggins, of Hope, Ark., has been awarded a Hero Scholarship. He is a student at Washington and Lee University.

The work of registering the members of the Arkansas Division has kept steadily on with satisfactory results. It is the aim to have every member of the Division registered by November 1.

Mrs. W. E. Massey, President of the Arkansas Division, spent the summer in Europe. While in Paris, she was entertained by the Marquise de Courtivron, President of the Paris Chapter, U. D. C.

A historical pageant was given by the Elliott Fletcher Chapter, at Blytheville, Ark., on the night of August 3, in which two hundred and fifty people took part in reproducing the history of Mississippi County, beginning in territorial days. This was based on the "History of Northeast Arkansas," written by Capt. H. M. McVeigh, of Osceola, and the story was dramatized by Miss Agnes Bailey, a niece of Mrs. J. W. Bader, President of the Elliott Fletcher Chapter.

The following gives an outline of this very interesting historical pageant, which reflected much credit upon the Chapter's enterprise and activity:

In 1541 De Soto and his Spaniards, searching for gold, discovered the Mississippi River and landed on the Arkansas side, in that part of the Arkansas territory which is now Mississippi County. The territory was occupied by the Casqui Indians, whose camp was pitched on the bayou, near what is now Blytheville. The adventuring Spaniards visited the camp, inspiring reverence and friendship, and the opening scene of the pageant shows the Indian camp, with De Soto and his followers erecting a cross on the river bank. A war dance and merrymaking followed the service.

In 1673 James Marquette and his band of Catholic ministers penetrated to the headwaters of the Mississippi and floated down to Arkansas. Their visit was commemorated in the second scene, followed by the coming of La Salle, and De Tonti, with their French exploring party. In 1682, Charleviox visited Arkanass, and noted his passage in his dairy. His arrival was shown as part of the early history.

In 1812-1828 the first white settlers made their way to Mississippi County. These were the Kellums and the Carsons, for whom Kellum's Ridge and Carson's Township were named. These men hunted and fished and lived peaceably with the Indians. Among the Indian chiefs of the day was Chicasawba, for whom Chicasawba District was named. Act 1 closed with a village scene of early pioneer days.

The founding of Osceola in 1842 opened the second act. Osceola had a post office in 1840, but so limited was its function that the entire post office was represented by a cracker box to hold the mail. The Osceola Aid Society was the first corporate body of women in the State, and its membership was shown in session. Judge Moore's school in 1884 was the scene of an old-fashioned schoolhouse party.

In Act 3 the War between the States was portrayed in a series of tableaux. The few white-haired veterans of the army of the Southern Confederacy in the country took part and enjoyed the Virginia reel and Southern songs given by a group of young girls. Home life during the war was shown in a pretty group, in which a young girl at her spinning wheel sang "Love's Old Sweet Song," while her gray-haired mother carded cotton and the negro "mammy" bent over an open fire. A military wedding during war time gave an opportunity for very elaborate and beautiful costumes of ante-bellum days.

The fourth act brought the action up to the present, with the work of Mississippi County during the World War. A striking tableau was the reproduction of "The Greatest Mother in the World." The pageant closed with a tableau of the queen of the pageant, Miss Lynn Phillips, and her attendants, with Father Time in the background.

There was music with every scene.

The pageant was said to have been one of the most elaborate events ever given in the county, and it was attended by enthusiastic audiences.

Louisiana.—One of the most delightful entertainments ever given at the Confederate Home of Louisiana was that given on August 4 by Mrs. George Denegre in honor of the birthday of her father, the late Col. Thomas L. Bayne, of the 5th Company of the Washington Artillery. Not only was Colonel Bayne's memory honored at this celebration, but that of his daughter, Mrs. A. S. Vaught, who started the birthday celebration in which the Confederate veterans in the home participated. Appetites that fared on bacon and corn coffee during the War between the States showed their ability to do justice to ham, stuffed crabs; etc., and sweetmeats prepared by the chef of Galatoire's restaurant. Dressed in their best, the old men sat in groups on the luxuriantly planted grounds of the home, ready for the party long before the appointed time.

Over in the infirmary, newly screened and painted, with its rows of white beds, each with a white-capped nurse in charge, only a few of the veterans remained in bed. The others sat on the long gallery, a step or two from the living room, where their feast would be served.

The table was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the Daughters of the Confederacy were everywhere assisting the hostess, Mrs. Denegre, in her efforts to make the celebration a never-to-be forgotten one.

A pretty feature of the afternoon was the presentation of a large bunch of flowers from the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, by Mrs. Feeney Rice, the Custodian, who placed them under the portrait of Colonel Bayne.

Among the guests were the Board of Directors of the Confederate Home, the officers of Louisiana Division, U. D. C., and the officers of New Orleans Chapter, of which Mrs. Denegre is a member. The chairman of committees of the State Division were also invited guests.

While at dinner, the veterans listened to music by the pupils of Prof. Schuyten's Conservatory of Music, "Dixie," and other favorite airs being enjoyed by those present.

Camp Moore Chapter, located at Tangipahoa, was charmingly entertained on Friday, August 4, at the pretty home of Mrs. E. R. Elliott, midway between Kentwood and Tangipahoa, in honor of her house guests, Mrs. Carrie R. Elliott and Mrs. W. A. Buntin of Mississippi. Honored guests of the Chapter were Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, President of Louisiana Division, and Mrs. Jesse P. Wilkinson, of New Orleans. The members of the Chapter were nearly 100% present, and the success of the Chapter is partly attributed to the fact that the members are scattered in different parts of the State, and the Chapter meetings are held in the homes of the members which are easily reached by automobile. Sometimes a member entertains in Amite, sometimes in Kentwood, Spring Creek, Tangipahoa, and the next meeting will be in Osyka, Miss., at the Jefferson Davis Highway Tea Room, with Mrs. Haley as hostess. The members always look forward to the meetings and often have the Division President, who is a member of the Chapter, present at the meetings.

The meeting was presided over by the State President upon request, and much important business was discussed. Mrs. Kolman gave an interesting talk on the work of the Division, supplemented by a splendid address by Mrs. J. P. Wilkinson.

At the last convention in Louisiana, the Camp Moore Cemetery was an important work that will be taken up this year for its improvement. Steps are being taken to try to have this historic place made a beautiful Highway Park, and to this end Mrs. D. T. Settoon, Chairman, with her committee, Mrs. J. H. Page, Mrs. R. W. Travis, Mrs. George Moore, and Mrs. H. Friedrichs, and Miss Mattie B. McGrath, is working. Camp Moore was the camp of instruction where soldiers were

Confederate Veteran.

trained and sent out to fight. Measles broke out in the camp, and more than three hundred soldiers died and were buried here. A beautiful monument was erected through the efforts of the Louisiana Daughters some years ago.

At the close of the business session, the guests were ushered into a beautifully appointed dining room, where a delightful social hour was spent around a table laden with delicious refreshments in keeping with the colors of the Confederacy, red, white and red.

Maryland.—Mrs. Franklin P. Canby, President of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, writes that the Children's Chapter held a sale at the city market to raise money for the Matthew Fontaine Maury Monument. Their stall was decorated in the Confederate colors, and the girls wore white dresses with red ribbons. The booth was donated by Mr. Garver, the market inspector of the town, who helped them make the affair a success. Mr. Clarence Stonebraker has presented this Chapter with a calendar, which is a half century Confederate Memorial gotten out by a bank in Georgia. It is most instructive and will be framed by the Chapter.

Most of our officers and members are summering at the various mountain and Seashore resorts. Some have preferred the "overseas" trip, but all will be returning by October to participate in a bazaar to be held sometime during that month.

South Carolina.—Prizes awarded in South Carolina Division were as follows:

Arthur Tompkins Prize.—Ten dollars cash prize, offered by Hon. A. S. Tompkins to the high school pupil writing the best essay on "Gen. Wade Hampton, the Confederate Chivalrous Knight of the Saddle," was won by Miss Catherine Calvert, Jonesville, S. C.

John C. Calhoun Medal.—Offered by Mrs. St. J. A. Lawton to the student in the graduating class of the University of South Carolina, or the Citadel, or Clemson College, writing the best paper on the subject, "John C. Calhoun, South Carolina's Exponent of State Rights." This work, judged on its historic and literary merit, was won by Edgar T. Thompson, Dillon, S. C. (South Carolina University).

Calvin Crozier Chapter Medal.—Offered by the Calvin Crozier Chapter, U. D. C., to any student in the young woman's colleges of the State, for the best essay on "Matthew Fontaine Maury," was won by Miss Lalla Stephenson, Marion, S. C. (Columbia College).

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."
KEY WORD: "Preparedness." **FLOWER:** The Rose.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Historical General.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1922.

LEE MEMORIAL YEAR.

The Wilderness. Petersburg. Appomattox.

The causes which contributed to the overthrow of the Confederacy.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1922.

A Lone Rider of the Revolution—Jack Jouett.

(The CONFEDERATE VETERAN for May contains an article on Jack Jouett and his famous ride.)

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG AND OTHERS.

(In giving the following history of the flags of the Confederacy, Capt. Carter R. Bishop, of Petersburg, Va., writes that he compiled these facts about the Southern colors some years ago, and being anxious to have it altogether correct, the data were submitted to Gen. Marcus J. Wright, then in charge of the Confederate Records at Washington, who stated that his compilation was in accord with the records. Captain Bishop takes the position that the last flag adopted by the Confederate Congress was never in use with the Confederate army, nor was even made up until after the fall of the Confederacy. Is there any comrade who remembers to have seen this flag in use after its adoption March, 1865?)

The Bonnie Blue Flag, a blue field with a white star in the fess point, was the emblem of secession. It fitly blazoned the doctrine of State sovereignty. The flag was displayed and the song was sung to arouse people to a sense of their reserved rights as an ultimate resort. When the State seceded, the function of the flag ceased, and it was no longer seen.

When South Carolina seceded, she hoisted over her custom-house a red flag bearing the single star and a crescent in white, and the next day a vessel cleared from Charleston flying this flag.

On March 4, 1861, the Confederate Congress adopted the first national flag, the "Stars and Bars." It consisted of three horizontal bars of equal width, the intermediate one being white and the others red. In the upper corner of the luff of the flag was a union of blue charged with seven, equal white five-pointed stars arranged in a circle. The union was square and extended down through two of the bars. It was ordered that each new State joining the Confederacy should be represented by an additional star in the union. It was unfurled over the Confederate congress in Montgomery, Ala., as soon as adopted, by a granddaughter of President John Tyler, of Virginia.

In September, 1861, at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., General Beauregard designed the "Battle Flag," which was used till the war closed. It was square, with a red field upon which was a blue saltier, or St. Andrew's Cross, extending from corner to corner, charged with thirteen equal, five-pointed white stars. The cross was outlined with a fillet of white, and the whole flag had a narrow border of the same. This was the only flag known to the great body of the Confederate army, though it was not officially recognized till it became incorporated by Congress in the second national flag.

On May 1, 1863, the Confederate Congress adopted the design for a new flag, as the similarity between the "Stars and Bars" and the United States flag some times produced confusion. This second national flag was a pure white field with the "Battle Flag" as a union in the upper corner of the luff.

The first flag of this design, as soon as made, was sent by President Davis to enfold the body of Stonewall Jackson, who had just died. On this account it was sometimes called "Jackson's flag." Its other name was "The Stainless Banner." This was the only Confederate flag that circumnavigated the globe and sailed every ocean. It was carried at the peak of the Shenandoah in the most masterly cruise that was ever known, and was hauled down in Liverpool on the morning of November 6, 1865, six months after the war was over.

On March 4, 1865, the Confederate Congress again changed the national flag, by putting a broad red, vertical band on the leech of the design last described. This was done because the "Stainless Banner," when hanging limp might be mistaken for a flag of truce.

As Congress adjourned forever a few days later, this flag was never made until its design was found in the records by a true

(Continued on page 398.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....	<i>President General</i>
43 rd Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>
Memphis, Tenn.	
MRS SUE H. WALKER.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
Oklahoma City, Okla.	
MRS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>
700 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MRS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....	<i>Historian General</i>
Athens, Ga.	
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>
Cox Park, Ga.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	<i>Poet Laureate General</i>
1015 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....	<i>Auditor General</i>
Montgomery, Ala.	
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....	<i>Chaplain General</i>
Mathews, Va.	

STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....	Miss Jeannie Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....	Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Ashville.....	Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Tulsa.....	Mrs. W. H. Crowder
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....	Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
TEXAS—Houston.....	Mrs. Mary E. Bryan
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....	Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....	Mrs. Thos. H. Harvey

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

BY LOLIE BELLE WYLIE.

It is with great pleasure that I bring you the glad message that your President General, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, is improving. She and Major Wilson have been at Atlantic City, and it is possible that she will remain there through October.

You know the old saying? "While the cat's away, the mice will play!" Figuratively, I am the mice, or mouse, and while our dear President General is away, I am going to tell you a few of the wonderful things she has accomplished in organization, work, and leadership. There are so many things that I will pass over, just giving an outline of what she did for the "Uncle Remus Memorial Association," which, through her personal effort and enthusiasm, has preserved for future generations "The Wren's Nest," home of Joel Chandler Harris, the great folklore writer.

When Mrs. Wilson undertook to raise the purchase price of \$25,000, she had \$108 left from the memorial fund of several thousand dollars raised by a group of men at a mass meeting called to provide a suitable memorial for the South's interpreter of the ante-bellum negro with his weird and romantic imagination. A small band of her loyal friends stood by Mrs. Wilson, and in many ways the fund grew. It was on the return of President Theodore Roosevelt from his African tour that this intrepid woman asked him to give a lecture in Atlanta for the Uncle Remus Association. She also asked Andrew Carnegie for a subscription, and he replied that he would cover the sum made on Roosevelt's lecture with a check for the same mount. This he did, and with his check and that for the Roosevelt lecture, the fund was \$10,000 to the good.

Mrs. Wilson then negotiated for "The Wren's Nest," and the Harris family donated \$5,000 when the purchase was made. There is a four-acre lot in the rear of "The Wren's Nest," called by Mr. Harris "Snapbean Farm," and Mrs. Wilson and her Association are almost ready to pay the purchase price of that and add it to "The Wren's Nest."

Now, what seems a most interesting and fitting thing to my mind is that the Margaret A. Wilson Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, the largest C. of C. Chapter in existence, with nearly two hundred members, is laying up money with which to build a C. of C. Chapter House on "Snapbean Farm."

Under Mrs. Wilson's management, The Wren's Nest has prospered. It has been the scene of many notable social affairs, and there the visitors find a remarkable autograph collection of books and pictures, and a register that contains many illustrious names from all parts of the universe, for nearly every country is represented in the visitor's list.



The two outstanding features of the social life of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association are the annual banquet and the May Festival.

Mrs. Wilson has named Mrs. James A. Armstrong, of Oklahoma, General Chairman of the Textbook Committee. Mrs. Armstrong is the wife of Judge J. A. Armstrong, of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma, and is a woman of unusual ability. Her work is to cooperate with the C. S. M. A. in its efforts to put only the truths of history before the children, whose textbooks have not heretofore given the true history of the South and its people. This is a work too important to be neglected, and it is a wise appointment that Mrs. Wilson has made, for Mrs. Armstrong is both enthusiastic and qualified for the position.

It is with much pleasure that we are looking forward to the publication of Volume II of "Representative Women of the South," by Mrs. Bryan Wells Collier. From all over the South, and we might say America, letters are coming to Mrs. Collier congratulating her on her great work. Dr. Lucien Lamar Knight said of the author in his introduction to Volume I that "her task was colossal," and that "only one akin in spirit to those could hazard such an undertaking. But," he said "Mrs. Collier is of the South. Its gentle aristocracy is in her veins; and she brings to her sacred task a heart full of tenderness, filled with all its memories, and dowered by all its muses." It was said of Queen Elizabeth that the secret of her power was that the impulses she had were impulses common to the English people. Her purposes were their purposes. So we know Mrs. Collier loved the South. No one can come in touch with her and not feel this loyal love. She knows her people and believes that in no other country are the women like the Southern women. This was the inspiration of her work.

Her work has touched all the States of our nation. In a recent issue of the *Atlanta Journal*, a page of famous women, each from a different State, made a most interesting review of Volume II of "Representative Women of the South."

I quote from some of the South's leading men and women who have praised Mrs. Collier's work:

Miss Mary Hilliard, of Raleigh, N. C., Registrar of the "Order of the Crown," said: "What a glorious work Mrs. Collier is doing for the womanhood of the South."

Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, President General U. D. C. expresses herself as being "delighted with the work Mrs. Collier is doing."

Mrs. Egbert Jones, President of the Colonial Dames of Mississippi, Mrs. Roy Weeks McKinney, former President General U. D. C., Judge W. D. Ellis, of Atlanta, Ga., Dr. E. C. Cox, of Cox College, College Park Ga., Mrs. John A. Per-

due, former Regent of Joseph Habersham Chapter D. A. R. and President of Atlanta Chapter U. D. C., Mrs. B. B. Rose, of Alabama, Mrs. Z. I. Fitzpatrick, former State President of the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs, Dr. Thornwell Jacobs, President of Oglethorpe University, and others of prominence have paid Mrs. I. Collier the highest tribute in the work of compiling her wonderful historical records of distinguished women who have added a luster to Southern history. These are but a few of the testimonials given her books, which fifty years from now could not possibly be written.

It seems urgent that the Memorial women do as much as they possibly can to help with the completion of the Jefferson Davis monument. The funds are running short, and there may be a stoppage of the work for the present if more money is not raised for the fund. Of course there had been an unprecedented demand on the time, energy, and purse of the people, but every little helps, and it is hoped that the money will be forthcoming so that this, one of the most notable monuments in the South, can be completed without delay.

AN INCIDENT OF MASONIC POWER.

[Written by the late Mrs. W. P. McGuire, of Winchester, Va., and read before a State Convention, U. D. C.]

As my father was Attorney General of Virginia during the War between the States, our home was in Richmond, and we stayed there until the last six months of the war, seeing what could never be forgotten by children—the excitement of moving armies, the anguish of mothers giving up their sons to a cause which they all felt and knew was just, the constant fear that the Yankees were coming, the breaking up of our day schools when the alarm of fire bells came (which meant that the city was in danger), the privations from hunger, Yankee prisoners being marched through the streets, the going and coming of our own armies, which were fed and followed through the streets by the women and men who had to stay there—scenes never to pass from memory. Six months before the end, my father thought it advisable for my mother and the six children to leave Richmond, so we were sent to Albemarle County for safety (as we thought), and boarded in the family of a widow, Mrs. Meriwether Anderson, just above Ivy Depot. We had hardly reached the place when her eldest son was killed in battle and his body was brought home for burial.

We had never seen a live Yankee up to that time, except the prisoners brought to Richmond, and the fear of them was something terrible, so one can well imagine our consternation when, in the following March, 1865, the youngest son of Mrs. Anderson, then a boy of sixteen, came running in late one afternoon and announced that he had been told at the station that the Yankees were coming and that they were then at Greenwood Station, twelve miles off. They proved to be Sheridan's raiders, who were pushing on to Richmond, so this young boy and the negro men began at once to move all the horses and cattle on the place farther off the main road into some woods, as the enemy was expected at Ivy by daylight. My old mammy, who followed us wherever we refuged, was more frightened than any of us, as she verily believed the whole object of the Yankee army was to capture St. George (my brother Harry), who was then a boy of twelve years. By eight o'clock at night only the two lone women and a lot of young people were left on the place with the servant women in the quarters. Our valuables in the way of silver were hidden, and a few bottles of whisky were tucked away in the mattresses. These were almost the first things hunted for by the Yankees when they came, but were not

found. We all sat up, waiting breathlessly, until morning, no enemy appearing until later in the day, when they came in full force, a lot of miserable, drunken soldiers, who surrounded and filled the house, uttering oaths, brandishing swords, and pointing their pistols at the heads of the "damned women," as they called them, and ordering them to give up everything in the way of provisions. The smokehouse was ransacked and emptied, and the meat was strewn in the road afterwards. I remember, what was a great distress to us children, seeing a can of sorghum molasses of fifteen or twenty gallons being emptied in the yard. Our terror was beyond description, not knowing what would happen next. When we thought probably the house might be burned, Mrs. Anderson turned to my mother and said: "My father and husband were both Masons, and I have taken a woman's degree, and I have a Mason's apron. I am going to get it and see what can be done with it." She took it from the bureau drawer and ran with it to a porch. The house was surrounded by cavalrymen, who were guarding it while the others were ransacking the inside. She stood up on a bench, holding this little apron in her hand, and cried: "Is there no one here who can protect the widow of a Mason?" Instantly a soldier dismounted, grabbed the apron, examined it, then went inside and ordered every soldier out. The house and place were cleared of them, and for the three days that the army was there, although encamped in the field near the house, not a soldier came inside the yard gate.

It was the most thrilling scene that I ever witnessed, and one that we always felt should be told to show the power of Free Masonry. I have often wondered who that soldier was, and if the scene could have been as impressive to him as it was to us.

Just after this raid we moved to the University of Virginia, thinking it safer to be in a town than in the country. We had hardly gotten there when the news came that Richmond had fallen; a little later that General Lee had surrendered; and the whole South was weeping, not because we had been overpowered, but because of the terrible disappointment that had come to our brave generals and soldiers, the anguish that had been wrought in the loss of so many noble young men, and the utter desolation and ruin left to so many homes.

EDMUND—A SERVANT.

(Tribute by Mrs. John D. Weeden, Florence, Ala., to the faithful body servant of ex-Gov. Robert M. Patton.)

The kindest relation that ever existed between the two races in the South was the ante-bellum relation of master and slave, a relation of confidence and responsibility on the part of the master, and of dependence and fidelity on the part of the slave. This was exemplified in the relation of my father and his faithful body servant, Edmund Patton.

My father brought my mother to Florence, Ala., a bride in 1832. His home was ready for her. Shortly afterwards this little ten-year-old negro boy was offered for sale, and my father purchased him. He was trained to be house boy, carriage driver, and useful in many ways, and was trusted implicitly.

Huntsville had the only bank in North Alabama, seventy-five miles from Florence. My father had promised that one thousand dollars should be paid in there on a certain day. The only mode of travel was by private conveyance. One evening he called Edmund, then about grown, and explained that he must take this thousand dollars to Huntsville by ten o'clock on a certain day and deliver it to the president of the bank. Early the next morning this money was belted around Edmund's waist. My mother laughingly said: "Edmund, that

much money would set you free." Before ten o'clock on the day appointed, the money was deposited in the Huntsville bank. This confidence continued through life, and he proved faithful for sixty years.

My father was in public life thirty years before the Confederate war. In 1832 he was sent to the Legislature in Tuscaloosa, but was in the Senate most of those years. Edmund always went with him to Montgomery, and he spent much time at the Capitol. It was amusing to hear him tell of the bills discussed and the members. This continued when my father was made governor just after the war. His greatest test of devotion was during the war. My father was appointed Confederate Commissioner and had to travel to collect funds to feed and clothe the army, and Edmund accompanied him. When the factories were burned by the Federals, it was not safe to stay at home, so my father would cross the Tennessee River, and Edmund was the messenger between him and home. The Federals called him a spy, and several times searched the house for him, threatening to hang him. He had some very narrow escapes.

After the war, my father gave Edmund a nice house and twenty-five acres of land, where he spent his declining years. He nursed my father faithfully during his last months of illness, and grieved when he died.

Edmund did not long survive his master. He was ill for several weeks, and my sister and I did all we could for his comfort. One morning he said to us: "I was so sick last night, I thought I would not live 'till morning, and I called over all the names of the children I love. I have always tried to do right. Master taught me what was right. I have always felt he was close to me ever since he went away."

Just before he breathed his last, he roused himself and said to his nephew, whom he had reared: "Dick, I will soon be gone, you must remember what I have taught you and live up to it. Go over and tell 'Mistis' I am sorry not to see her before I go away, and tell her good-by for me." He was ready for the summons. His master's portrait hung over his bed; looking on that at the last, his spirit took its flight, and dear good Edmund was reunited to his master he loved. At his funeral every member of our family stood around his casket and joined in singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and we followed his body to the grave.

Edmund belonged to a type that is fast becoming extinct—the high-toned, honest Southern negro. He left a record of which any man would be proud—true to himself, true to his fellow man, and true to his God.

ANNUAL MEETING OF OLD COMRADES.

Capt. R. J. Tabor, of Bernice, La., writes of the annual meeting of comrades of his old company, of which he says:

"Of the one hundred and sixty men enrolled in Company E, 12th Louisiana Infantry, there are now but ten or twelve left. This company served in Kentucky, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana, Georgia, and North Carolina with Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and John B. Hood; was at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., with about twenty-five or thirty men. Of ten commissioned officers, only I am left. I was its captain at the surrender. In October, 1912, the company began holding a reunion, meeting first with Comrade T. J. Autrey, who conceived the idea. Then we had about eight comrades in a circumference of ten miles, and with one of them we met each year and enjoyed a good dinner. The second meeting was with A. E. Fuller, the third was at my home, the fourth with H. C. Johnson, fifth with C. M. Fuller; then we were with J. B. Lynch, a Missouri comrade, who, two

years ago, went to his reward; three others who were with us in 1912 have also passed over the river. All within reach have had the meeting twice except C. M. Fuller, with whom we will meet next October. Last year we were with H. C. Johnson, whose wife made a fine hostess and gave us a dinner that we will not soon forget. We are looking forward to this year's meeting with high anticipations, but it is sad to think that some of us may be gone."

ANNUAL REUNION GRAND CAMP OF VIRGINIA VETERANS.

The thirty-fifth annual reunion of the Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans was held at Winchester, August 29-31, and the meeting was characterized by that enthusiastic spirit for which our Confederate veterans are noted. Something under three hundred veterans were registered, most of them now in their eighties. Of the most active and enthusiastic was comrade O. C. Snyder, nearly ninety-three years old, who was a private of Company C, 11th Virginia Regiment, Rosser's Brigade. His military bearing was still as noticeable as that of young Col. Bryan Conrad, son of the late Maj. Holmes Conrad, who is a veteran of the World War and gave greeting to the veterans in gray on behalf of the American Legion.

The most important business feature of this annual gathering was the consideration given to the proposed Manassas Battle Field Park, which Virginians and Southern people generally want to have as distinctly our own rather than as a National Park like Gettysburg; and this matter was placed in the hands of a committee for final disposal.

The election of Capt. Robert Mason Colvin, of Harrisonburg, as Commander of the Grand Camp gave universal satisfaction. He is one of the best known Confederate veterans of the State and among the most active in keeping alive an interest in Confederate principles. For many years he was Commander of the S. B. Gibbons Camp of veterans of Harrisonburg, and is known and loved for that chivalrous spirit of the old South. He was born in Campbell County, Va., and was a lad of about sixteen when, on March 16, 1862, he enlisted in Company E, 11th Virginia Infantry. The regiment was commanded by Colonel Garland, and was attached to Kemper's Brigade, Pickett's Division. Captain Colvin served throughout the war, except the ten months in prison at Point Lookout, and several of his brothers were also in the service. After the war he engaged in railroading, going with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Grafton, W. Va., on April 1, 1868, from which he was retired in May, 1910.

SEES DIXIE IN A NEW LIGHT.

(Continued from page 364.)

ing here for a year and a half, I have felt urged to hope that our already too bitterly sectionalized groups may be more wholesomely united by stronger bonds of mutual understanding, Christian forbearance, and forgiveness.

"I can no longer believe that the folk of antebellum Dixie were the cruel, harsh lot I once thought them. They lived in a region the conditions (climate, soil, industry) of which led them to see no quick way of changing the labor system which had been in vogue since before our Constitution was adopted.

"I am glad to see geographical, industrial, personal, and social factors given more place in the history textbooks now being written. In this way young Americans will gradually gain a more truly scientific and wholesome appreciation of

the at present misunderstood Southerners and their ancestors, as well as of folk even less understood and appreciated.

"I have tried to force myself to be moderate, but the impatience of my distant kinsman, Theodore Parker, is strong in me, and I long to help hasten the day when a more thoroughly informed race will possess a mutually respectful, brotherly, dignified, more truly sportsmanlike spirit.

"Sincerely your comrade for a better republic."

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG AND OTHERS.

(Continued from page 394.)

and loving people as they watched for the first violet springing from the green sod on the grave of their dead hopes. It never knew conflict nor bloodshed, victory nor defeat. It is the emblem of a hallowed memory, the sovereignty of a nation that existed only in the land where we were dreaming, of a cause strong with the strength of right and immortal with the immortality of truth; sustained by a devotion in which Roman valor and Spartan zeal were marked by the highest knightly courtesy, and lost by a law of nature as inexorable as that by which a handful of gems must lose when weighed against a fraction of their value in cast iron. It came to us in our blight and desolation, when innate pride had set a new limit for uncomplaining human endurance, and inspired us with memories of days that were no more. It is the seal of an ideal set on the scroll of time that all will admire, few will imitate, and none will equal. It is wreathed both with laurel and with myrtle, doubly sacred and is without stain. It is as redolent of the fragrance of glory and the grandeur of gloom as the fragments of the alabaster box of precious ointment which the Master said the woman had kept for his burial.

A FIGHTING CHAPLAIN.

(Continued from page 391.)

ing the least praise for his efforts in that affair. He would blush like a girl whenever one of the boys told the story, and turn the talk into another channel as soon as he could.

When the war was over, he returned to his work of the Master he loved and served, and he was loved by rich and poor for the work he did in the Master's name. He was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Charlestown, W. Va., for forty years, and died there in December, 1911. He was born in Powhatan County, Va.

FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS.

BY S. M. RAY, HENNING, TENN.

I joined the Confederate army in the latter part of 1863, becoming a member of Buchanan's Company of the 15th Tennessee Cavalry, of which Stewart was colonel and Logwood the lieutenant colonel, Neely's Brigade.

At Holly Springs, Miss., in the summer of 1864, the Federals had assembled a large army, some 18,000 infantry and 7,000 cavalry, with artillery, all well-armed and well-equipped in every respect, and with several very eminent Federal generals in command, such as Smith, Mower, Washburn, and Grierson. Holly Springs being their base, this force moved south, and General Chalmers skirmished with them, thus keeping them from scattering all over the country.

General Forrest, with Bell's and Neely's Brigades and Mor-

ton's battery, met the Federals out north of Oxford with not more than 4,000 men and one battery of artillery. Hurricane Creek is a large creek some eight or ten miles from Oxford, running east and west, and the large range of hills on the north and south sides of this creek was a very favorable place for artillery play between the armies. The Confederates occupied the old cemetery on the south side of the creek, and in this position we skirmished with the enemy for several days, having a regular artillery duel on one or more occasions. Finally, the Federals, by their overwhelming numbers, turned our left flank, thereby necessitating our vacating the hills and falling back to Oxford.

On August 18, or thereabouts, Forrest selected about 2,000 of his best men, and, in person, started on this raid into Memphis with Morton's battery, but without any wagon train and only two days' rations. We left Oxford in a drizzling rain traveling west in the direction of Panola, on the Tallahatchie River. There had been a pontoon bridge across the river at this place, but we had to abandon two pieces of artillery, as the roads were so bad. We started in the direction of Hernando, traveling day and night, building bridges at Hickala and Coldwater, both streams being very much swollen. The bridges were quickly built and delayed us but a short while, and about sundown of August 20 we were within twenty miles of Memphis, and then traveled all night.

The Federal outposts were only a short distance from their camps, and these we captured. Some one fired a gun and thus gave the alarm. The Federals ran off from a battery of six guns without even firing a shot; a portion of the troops dashed into their camps, while another part went into the city, the latter going in by way of the old Female College up to Main Street, where they divided. Some of them went to the Gayoso Hotel, where the Federal officers were located, the idea being to capture the Federal generals—Washburn, Hulbert, and Buckland—but they had been warned and escaped to the fort. However, we captured General Washburn's clothes and about six hundred prisoners. We stayed in the city three or four hours and finally fell back to the old academy and fought the Federals for quite a while, giving time to get the prisoners away. We then crossed Nonconnah Creek, and sent a flag of truce to General Washburn, asking for food to feed the prisoners, as we had nothing to give them. We also returned General Washburn's clothes. Not a great while thereafter, General Washburn had Forrest's old tailor to make Forrest a nice Confederate suit.

The effect of this raid was to make General Smith fall back to Holly Springs, and Forrest and his men were permitted to return to Panola. After resting and recruiting the horses for some time, we then marched into northern Alabama.

GIBSON'S BRIGADE AT NEW HOPE CHURCH.—Referring to the article by Posey Hamilton in the VETERAN for September on the battle of New Hope Church, in which he mentioned the bravery of two brigades there, one of them being Granbury's Texas Brigade, the other unknown, Mrs. Mary D. Ruiz, of Fincastle, Va., writes that, in a letter received from her husband shortly after that battle, he mentions that Gibson's Brigade, of Walhall's Division, Stewart's Corps, took part in the battle. He was a lieutenant of Company A, 30th Louisiana Regiment, which was a part of Gibson's Brigade, and he fought in that battle of July 28, 1864, subsequently captured on August 5, 1864, and sent to Johnson's Island, from which prison he was released in June 21, 1865.

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LIFE OF GEN. STAND WATIE.

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THEY HAD MET.—Church was over. The congregation filed slowly out, and gathered in little chattering groups in the churchyard. Presently the vicar came up and joined the select little party. He introduced an old sea captain to the leading light of the village, a wealthy Mr. Burke. "You must have seen each other in church to-day," said the beaming vicar.

"Sure," said the old captain. 'E was sleepin' in the next bunk to me."

Alfred H. Henderson, 108 Mason St., Cincinnati, O., writes that he wishes to get a record of his father's service in the Confederate service. His father, Howard A. M. Henderson, he thinks, was colonel of the 28th Alabama Regiment, and during the last year of the war was commissioner for exchange of prisoners, with headquarters at Cahaba, Ala.

Mrs. E. L. Sikes, of Wise, Va., wishes to get the war record of the Sikes brothers from Bladen and Robeson Counties N. C. One of these, her husband's paternal grandfather, died in prison at Elmira, N. Y., and his mother's father, named Cogdell, was killed at Fort Fisher.

AN EARLY RISER.

Uncle Ezra Waters was a master hand to rise, Birds 'ud still be sleeping when he'd open up his eyes; Had th' stock all fed before the slightest streak o' dawn; Long before the sun was up he'd et his meal an' gone; He'd come home for dinner while most folks was snoozin' on. "Nuthin' gained by sleepin'," Uncle Ezry used t'say; 'N hour 'fore the sunrise's wuth the rest of any day.' So he kept a risin' leetle sooner right along, Going out to labor with his lantern burning strong; Comin' back to dinner 'fore the lark began his song. Gettin' old and childish, Uncle Ezra, by and by, Couldn't stand to stay in bed and let the moments fly; Used to clamber for his clothes 'long at one or two; Hustle out and milk the cows; rush the chorin' through; Then he'd wait for sunup an' he'd stew an' stew an' stew. Uncle Ezry's gone away to a better clime; He don't wait for sunup now; it stays up all the time. He was only sixty-five—killed himself, they said; Pinched away for lack of sleep—crazy in his head. Ezra got to gittin' up before he went to bed. —Exchange.

A. H. Buie, of Stamford, Tex., in one of our afflicted veterans, having had a stroke of paralysis, so he cannot get about much now. He spends most of his time in a chair and reads for entertainment. He was a boy soldier of Company I, 4th Mississippi Cavalry, and would like to hear from surviving comrades.

Mrs. Julia Holmes, of Aubrey, Tex., is anxious to locate some one who knew her husband, E. B. Holmes, as a soldier in the Trans-Mississippi Department, Parsons's Cavalry, as she needs to secure a pension. Address A. Wayne Robertson, Frisco, Tex.

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SAYINGS OF THE GREAT.

Adam: "It was a great life if you didn't weaken."

Plutarch: "I am sorry that I have no more lives to give to my country."

Samson: "I'm strong for you, kid."

Jonah: "You can't keep a good man down."

Cleopatra: "You're an easy Mark Anthony."

David: "The bigger they are the harder they fall."

Helen of Troy: "So this is Paris."

Columbus: "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."

Salome (tiring of the dance): "Let's have done with the wiggle and wobble."

Nero: "Keep the home fires burning."

Solomon: "I love the ladies."

Noah: "It floats."

Methuselah: "The first hundred years are the hardest."

Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh: "Keep your shirt on."—*Tampico Legionnaire*.

H. H. Christian, of Sanger, Tex., who served in Company G, from Tuskegee, Ala., in the 54th Alabama Regiment, would like to locate any surviving members of the company.

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Armistice Day (Nov. 11)

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TO
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